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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

WE comment in a leading article on the new situation created by the miners' decision to reopen negotiations without limiting conditions. As we argue there, everything will now turn on the attitude of the Government; and Mr. Winston Churchill's speech at Swansea is not a happy omen. He chose this moment to emphasize Mr. Baldwin's recent assertion that it is not "within the power" of the Government to enforce a settlement:—

"The laws of Britain, like the laws of every civilized country, do not give to the Executive Government the power either of compelling miners to go down the pits or of compelling owners to keep them open at a loss. Our responsibility is limited by our power, and we have no power and no right to do either the one or the other. It is not within any power given to us as a Government by the electors to force either side or both sides to do what we think is right or reasonable."

Now what exactly does this mean? It is true that there is no existing Act of Parliament which authorizes

the Government to determine wages in the coal-mines—unless, indeed, it is argued that the Trade Boards Act could be legally applied to the coal industry. But, as the existence of that Act shows, there is nothing impracticable or unconstitutional or unprecedented in passing Acts for the determination of minimum wages by bodies backed by statutory powers. It is true that no Act of Parliament can get the miners back to work on terms unacceptable to them. It is not true that it is equally impossible to coerce the owners. Ministers may think it unfair to coerce the one party when they cannot coerce the other. That is another matter. It may be that an attempt to coerce the owners would draw them on into other issues into which they do not wish to be drawn. There are, indeed, many reasons why Ministers may be reluctant to coerce the owners. We believe that the chief reason is the similarity of their views as to what is "right and reasonable." But let Ministers cease saying what is demonstrably untrue, that it is not "within their power."

* * *

We discuss on another page the disquieting signs of another attempt to pack the League Council when the admission of Germany comes up again next month. It is high time that British supporters of the League informed themselves of the position and bestirred themselves to see that our representatives at the Geneva meetings shall be aware of a coherent public opinion behind them. The excellent work done by Lord Cecil on the Composition Committee has been too little noticed; mainly, no doubt, because the Committee was sitting while Britain indulged in a general strike and was cut off from foreign news. The provisional recommendations of the Committee were to increase the number of non-permanent Council members to nine; to elect these for a term of three years, one-third to be elected each year; to provide that a retiring Member shall not be eligible for re-election unless the Assembly shall so decide by a two-thirds majority, and to confirm the power of the Assembly to proceed at any time to a new election of all the non-permanent Members. But perhaps the most important result achieved by the Committee was the ratification by Spain of an amendment to Article 4 of the Covenant which, thus, after long delay, has now come into force. Article 4 as amended enables the Assembly to:—

"fix by a two-thirds majority the rules dealing with the election of the non-permanent Members of the Council, and particularly such regulations as relate to their term of office and the conditions of re-eligibility."

* * *

It is clear that the Assembly has the whip-hand in the matter of the composition of the Council, and as there is certainly a two-thirds majority in the Assembly for the admission of Germany alone to permanent membership, it should be possible to frustrate any repetition

of the March manœuvres. A lead along the straight path by one at least of the Great Powers is, however, essential. Will Great Britain give that lead? The next move will be made at a further meeting of the Composition Committee, summoned unexpectedly at Spain's request. This will probably take place on August 30th when most of the delegates to the Assembly will already be in Geneva to attend the Conference on the American World Court reservations. Perhaps the presence of these representatives of other States will have a moderating influence on the members of the Committee. Spain and Poland are both said to be in the mood to accept non-permanent seats on the Council if their re-eligibility is assured and if it is made clear to them that permanent seats are out of the question. They are expected, however, to make a great effort to raise the status of the quasi-permanent members.

* * *

The Marquis de Estella's demand that Tangier should be made an integral part of the Spanish zone in Morocco is an unexpected development, the more so as it follows immediately on the signature of the Spanish-Italian pact; for it is well known that Italy has long aimed at becoming associated with the international régime. With one or two exceptions, the Italian Press has been singularly silent on the pronouncement, and it seems likely therefore that some previous discussion may have taken place between the two Governments. In that event, the probable object of the Spanish claim is to raise anew the whole question of the status of Tangier, with a view to obtaining a larger share in the administration for the two purely Mediterranean Powers. If the Marquis has acted on his own initiative, and intends the claim to be taken at its face value, he is not likely to receive much support from Italy, whose claim to an interest in Morocco is a prominent feature of Fascist foreign policy. It may be added that the Spanish complaints of gun-running through Tangier would better justify a plea for strengthening the international administration than for throwing the whole Tangier Convention into the melting-pot.

* * *

It is many years since an American Secretary of State has ventured to express friendship for Britain in the emphatic and cordial terms adopted by Mr. Kellogg in his speech at Plattsburgh on Wednesday. The occasion was the unveiling of a monument to an American sailor who was engaged in 1814 in the last naval encounter between the United States and Britain. That battle, said Mr. Kellogg, "initiated that friendship between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race which has endured for over one hundred years."

"It is a friendship which has enabled us to maintain a common frontier with Canada for thousands of miles, without armed defences on either side, a condition made possible only by the mutual faith which the one people has for the other. . . . It is inconceivable that anything can bring these nations again into the conflict of war."

These phrases have a familiar ring to our ears, but it is an important event when they are uttered by the spokesman of the American Administration. Mr. Kellogg went on to make a careful statement on the disarmament problem which was largely in the nature of a rebuke to those who have been using the Geneva discussions as the basis for attacks on Britain in the American Press.

* * *

The Italian reply to Abyssinia's appeal to the League is very similar in tone and phraseology to that of Great Britain. The Italian Foreign Minister is

pained and surprised that Abyssinia should find anything sinister in the British-Italian exchange of Notes. He observes that neither in the letter nor in the spirit of these Notes can anything be found which would justify apprehension that "precipitate and forcible pressure" was to be brought on Abyssinia. The recognition by the British Government of an exclusive sphere of Italian economic influence in certain parts of Abyssinia is binding solely on the Italian and British Governments; it is merely a guarantee obtained for Italian enterprises as against British enterprises, in order to avoid competition. These assurances will no doubt be gratefully received in Abyssinia, and they will be all the more valuable in that they are publicly given to the Secretary-General of the League. The Regent has shown good sense in the use he has made of Abyssinia's election to Membership, and the value of the League to its less powerful adherents has again been demonstrated. We may also hope that the Foreign Offices of both countries will remember the innocent interpretation which they have placed upon the British-Italian Notes.

* * *

The long-drawn-out dispute between Greece and Yugoslavia, with regard to the Salonika Railway, has at last been settled by the signature of a treaty of friendship, supplemented by four railway tariff conventions. The treaty, which is to last for a period of three years, with provision for renewal, is purely defensive in character, and subject in all respects to the Covenant of the League of Nations. The provisions with regard to the Salonika free port and the Vardar railway have been framed on reasonable and equitable lines. The railway between Salonika and Guevgeli is recognized as Greek, and Yugoslavia cedes all rights over that line formerly vested in the Oriental Railways, in return for a payment of 20,000,000 French francs; but a representative of the Yugoslav State Railways is to be associated with the management of the line, for the purpose of facilitating the transit traffic, and any dispute is to be referred to a French umpire, appointed by the League of Nations. The Yugoslav Free Zone at Salonika is to be extended, and there are a number of minor provisions relating to the working of the Free Zone and the frontier station at Guevgeli, and to the railway tariffs on goods in transit.

* * *

The agreement is one on which both parties may be congratulated. Yugoslavia gives up her irritating claim to control of a railway running through Greek territory, and disclaims, by implication, any idea of an expansionist policy towards the Vardar region. In return she receives adequate guarantees for that unrestricted access to Salonika which is a real necessity of her economic life. The defensive treaty, if wisely construed by the signatories, may prove an important step in the stabilization of the Balkans, and in view of the growing *rapprochement* between Greece and Italy, may do something to ease the situation in the Adriatic. How the treaty may be regarded in Sofia is another matter; but inasmuch as the Greek Government is understood to have exerted a moderating influence in connection with the recent joint note to Bulgaria, there is no need to regard the alliance as a mere grouping of victors to put further pressure on the vanquished.

* * *

At the same time, the situation in the Balkans remains very delicate. The collective note to Bulgaria by Yugoslavia, Greece, and Roumania was in no sense an ultimatum; but its terms imply that the three Powers consider the Bulgarian Government responsible for the

activities of the komitajis, and the demands of the note as to the suppression of revolutionary activities are so wide that any further incident might easily be seized on as a pretext for further action. The Bulgarian Government apparently intends to consult the Great Powers before making its reply, and has abandoned the idea of an immediate appeal to the League, but declares its willingness to accept the result of any inquiry by that body. The Yugoslav Government would probably be wise to agree to the establishment of a Mixed Commission with a League chairman, on the lines of that set up to deal with the Græco-Bulgarian dispute. What is most wanted is some machinery for dealing promptly with frontier incidents, as they arise, in the way of inquiry and conciliation, before they have time to create a dangerous controversy. The relations between the two Governments will not be improved by the Yugoslav memorandum to the League asking for a more stringent administration of the Bulgarian Loan.

* * *

The London Master Builders' Association seem to revel in the prospect of industrial warfare, and to do all in their power to bring it about. The Croydon episode last week is by no means unique. A local strike was called by the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers, the new organization formed by the bricklayers' and masons' Unions when they seceded from the Federation of Building Trade Operatives last year. The cause of the strike was the Croydon Council's action in letting a contract to a piece-work employer instead of to a recognized sub-contractor. Knowing the extraordinarily delicate situation which the formation of the Amalgamated Union has created, a responsible official of the London Master Builders elected to fan the flames by a gratuitous threat of a general lock-out. If this in any way represented the considered policy of his Association, it is a mercy that the National Employers' Federation has taken the matter in hand at an early stage. The national body have now made proposals to submit the Croydon dispute to a commission of employers' representatives, and representatives of the two rival trade union organizations. The commission, however, is not to be confined to this dispute, but is to deal with all matters outstanding between the Amalgamated Union and the Employers' Federation: in other words, it is to draw up a comprehensive agreement between them. At present the absence of any agreement with the Amalgamated Union as to wages or conditions, is a standing menace to peace in the industry, and it is to be hoped that the very timely proposal of the Employers' Federation will be accepted.

* * *

The formal protest of the Vatican against the Mexican Government's anti-clerical policy appeared in the *OSSERVATORE ROMANO* of August 10th, headed, "The True Cause of the Present Disorder and Unrest in Mexico." This document has now been translated into all important languages and published throughout the world. It has been composed with extreme care and the argument is presented with studied moderation. Dealing with accusations by the Mexican Government that, during the centuries of her absolute domination, the Church did nothing to modernize the nation, and took no action to ameliorate the conditions of the people, the Vatican contends that the charge is refuted by the four centuries of life and society which brought Mexico to a high degree of civilization. The true cause of the present trouble, it is affirmed, is to be found in the anti-religious activity of the Mexican Government, culminating in the "law of persecution" promulgated by President Calles in June. After contrasting the law

which makes all teaching of religion a penal offence with the declaration in the Constitution that religion is free, the Vatican calls attention to the "manifest contradiction" of the law that all priests and ministers must be of Mexican birth: "Either the practice of religion is licit, and in such case no person in a free country should be prohibited, or it is illicit, and in the latter case everybody should be prohibited." Moreover, the law does not stop at excluding every religious order from the country: "it forbids in conscience a religious profession, and will not permit anyone to make a sacrifice to God of his own property, or of his own liberty by sacrificing himself to the service of the poor and of the sick."

* * *

The Vatican goes on to protest against the power given to the civil authority to determine the number of ministers; against the placing of the churches under military control, the confiscation of the Church properties, such as the bishops' residences, parish houses, colleges, and convents, and the expulsion of priests and nuns. "All the churches," the world is told, "have been taken over and closed, both those of the Mexicans and of the foreigners." This statement, however, is not borne out by the cables, which have made repeated reference to still open churches and crowds of worshippers, of course without officiating priests. In conclusion the Vatican calls attention to the fact that the Protestant churches have been allowed to function—doubtless, it is suggested, through fear of the strong Governments behind them. A peaceful settlement, it adds, would not be difficult even now, with a Government acting in good faith. But the Calles Government is carrying through its anti-religious campaign by methods of Neronian tyranny; the law of Calles "destroys the fundamental basis of Catholicism," and it is obvious that "a settlement of any kind whatsoever is impossible."

* * *

England's victory in the final Test Match is in no way surprising, for the run of play in the previous matches had indicated that the Australians were the weaker team, their bowling in particular being much below its normal standard. Hence, when England won the toss—a great advantage, apart from any special vagaries of the weather—the odds were heavily in her favour; and though the game was marked, as cricket usually is, by sharp vicissitudes of fortune, Australia had never more than a forlorn hope after the fine stand by Hobbs and Sutcliffe in England's second innings. In these circumstances, it says much for the tremendous prestige which Australian cricket has acquired that on the last morning the issue should generally have been treated as an open one, some commentators taking the view that the odds were upon Australia, if the wicket only lasted. To obtain over four hundred runs in the fourth innings is surely a very exceptional achievement, with the normal wear of a wicket and apart from special crumbling. The game was followed with intense interest, not only by the tens of thousands of spectators, but by a huge newspaper-buying public; and satisfaction at the recovery of the Ashes comes nearer to being a national emotion than any that has been experienced since the Armistice. But it would have been much more satisfactory if the issue had not depended on the hazards of a single match, with the previous four Tests virtually reduced to the *status* of practice games. And this game has surely dispelled the illusion that prolonged matches make cricket dull. That the laws of cricket should be left alone, but that Test Matches should be played-out, is the clear moral of this year's experience.

THE NEW COAL DILEMMA

BY a fairly narrow majority on a card vote, the miners' executive have obtained from the delegates' conference a free hand to negotiate a settlement of the coal dispute. The negotiations must be "of a national character, and not entered into by districts separately," and any proposed settlement must be referred to the districts for approval. Those are the only stipulations. On the express appeal of Mr. Cook, the conference refrained from requiring the executive to negotiate, as had been proposed, "on the basis of a seven-hour day, a national agreement, and a national minimum wage." The executive's desire to be quit of limiting conditions is noteworthy; it was at their own request that their hands were tied previously by the famous formula. What does it signify? That they might even be ready to do a deal on hours? That, we think, is most unlikely. It is more probable that they recognize that their best chance of a tolerable wages bargain may lie in modifying the extremely rigid conception of "the national minimum" which they have hitherto maintained, and in accepting varying reductions in different districts.

The position opened up by this development is exceedingly interesting. What is likely to happen?

The attitude of the owners is fairly easy to predict. It is not likely to be marked by a spirit of ready concession. Throughout the contest, even when the strategic position was much less favourable to them than it is now, their demands have been very stiff. They have been based on the principle that labour-costs must be reduced by the full extent of the wide gap yawning between the subsidized pre-strike prices of coal and remunerative prices. From this principle they have never been willing to make any appreciable deviation, refusing even (to the Government's intense disappointment) to make the eight-hour day more palatable by a really attractive wages offer. But they attach great importance to the eight-hour day and to district settlements. The eight-hour day is now upon the Statute book; and the miners' resistance is obviously weakening. It was, indeed, the essence of Mr. Cook's appeal for a free hand, that a speedy settlement is essential to avert collapse. In these circumstances, it is not to be expected that the owners will show themselves anxious to conclude a national agreement maintaining the seven-hour day. On this basis, it is most unlikely that they will improve their terms at all.

Clearly, the miners' executive look to the Government to put pressure on the owners. But the Government is in a very weak position to do anything of the kind. It is not merely that the Government has passed the Eight Hours Act. In announcing this measure Mr. Baldwin went out of his way to declare:—

"We have come quite definitely to the conclusion that the return to a longer working day is necessary." (House of Commons, June 15th.)

And he gave as his reason for this conclusion that:—

"If the wage reductions were to be made on existing hours, they would have to be on such a scale, if the

industry was to be carried on in many parts of the country, that no one would like to see such wages offered."

In short, he has publicly accepted the owners' principle that the subsidized gap obtaining just before the strike is the proper criterion of the wage reductions that are necessary.

Furthermore, in his letter dismissing "the Bishops' plan," Mr. Baldwin wrote:—

"The terms and conditions on which work can be resumed in the coalmining industry are not within the power of the Government to determine. They can only be settled by agreement between owners and miners."

These declarations probably reflect fairly accurately Mr. Baldwin's actual state of mind. In any case they tie his hands, and seem to render the chance extremely slender that the owners will be induced by the present Government to modify their demands in any material respect.

At the same time, there are reasons of a compelling nature why the Government should make a real effort in this direction. Ministers are said to deplore quite sincerely the prospect of a complete victory for the owners, with the miners returning to work in a sullen mood on terms to which they can never become reconciled, and waiting for the first opportunity to renew the struggle. Yet, if this should happen, a considerable share of the responsibility will lie at the Government's door. It is not open to the Government after all that has happened to plead impotence. By granting the nine-months' subsidy and appointing the Royal Commission, it assumed an obligation to play not only an impartial but an authoritative rôle, which it cannot now repudiate. Recent events have severely shaken confidence in the Government's capacity to discharge this obligation, but they have by no means wholly destroyed it. We have all felt, even those most critical of the Government's recent policy, that large allowances must be made for anyone who has to deal with Mr. Cook and Mr. Herbert Smith. Indeed, the position into which the Government has drifted of appearing to take sides with the owners has been largely due to the *intransigence*, the lack of response to every conciliatory approach with which it has been met upon the other side. It was all very well to complain that this or that which the Government did was in conflict with the Report of the Commission; but, so long as the attitude of the miners ruled out a settlement on the basis of the Report, was it not reasonable that the Government should try something else? In short, there is still a widespread feeling among moderate, reasonable people that current criticisms of the Government do not do justice to the extreme and notorious difficulty of dealing with the miners.

But the new development will put the Government more clearly to the test. In the negotiations which are about to open, the crucial question which has been obscured for so long can hardly be evaded any longer: To what extent must labour-costs be reduced? By reference to what criterion, and with what objective in view must the miners' sacrifice be calculated? Is the

owners' principle that it must be so calculated as to fill the pre-strike "gap" a reasonable one?

This, we say, is the crucial question. It underlies and governs the issue of hours, as the extracts we have given above from Mr. Baldwin make clear enough. He feels an eight-hour day to be essential because otherwise really shocking wage reductions would be necessary. And why does he think they would be necessary? Because he accepts the owners' principle. That is the real trouble with Mr. Baldwin. It is not that he is in Mr. Cook's phrase "the office-boy of the coal-owners," or that he has any disposition to favour them against the miners. It is that he honestly agrees with them. And, so long as he agrees with them on this matter, it is hard to see how he can intervene effectively for a reasonable settlement. As is so often the case, our difficulty is not a failure of good-will, but a false idea.

This particular false idea is formidable, because it is supported by some of those strong, instinctive prejudices, which, once touched ever so lightly, inhibit thought. For instance, it is natural to ask: How is that part of the "gap" not filled by lower labour-costs to be covered? And the answer is: "Mainly by a recovery in coal prices." But, in saying this, you touch a button: "Higher prices and restricted output! No! No! No! Cheap coal is essential to our national life." In vain do you point out that there is neither sanctity nor normality in the export prices prevailing just before the strike, that they were heavily subsidized prices unremunerative not only to our own collieries, but to our foreign competitors, and that to aim at selling at a somewhat higher level is, therefore, really not a foolhardy policy of monopolistic exploitation. You have touched the button, and you are no longer listened to.

But is it too much to expect that our Ministers should shake off these inhibitions and consider the problem rationally? It does not need much reflection to perceive how grotesque and indeed how monstrous is the principle which they apparently accept without question. It can hardly be disputed that the prices ruling just before the strike had been depressed by the subsidy, and would have been appreciably higher in both home and foreign markets, if the subsidy had not been granted. Do Ministers, then, think it reasonable that the miners should receive lower wages now because they granted the subsidy last summer? This, in effect, is what they maintain, if they endorse the owners' principle. The subsidized pre-strike prices are no more a true criterion of how much labour-costs ought to be reduced than are the high prices obtaining now. There is, in truth, no simple criterion. But the Commission, after a careful survey of the situation, indicated an average reduction of about 10 per cent. Such a reduction, it is now fairly plain, the miners would be ready to accept. It is "within the power" of Ministers to enforce a settlement upon this basis, if they choose to do so. The great obstacle remaining in the way of a settlement is the economic topsy-turvydom of the Ministerial mind.

THE NATION QUESTIONNAIRE

ON a separate sheet with this issue of THE NATION will be found a series of questions on religious belief which we hope all our readers will answer.

The idea of canvassing opinion on this subject was first put forward, as we recalled last week, by Mr. H. G. Wood, Principal of Woodbrooke Settlement, in the course of a correspondence in our columns regarding rationalism and religion. The original points at issue were whether the majority of educated moderns are agnostic, and whether, in the words of the late Mr. Clutton-Brock, "the universe is cold, indifferent, and meaningless" to us. Mr. Wood suggested that it would throw light upon the first of these questions if we could ascertain the views of our readers.

The questionnaire has been drawn up in consultation with Mr. Wood himself, Mr. J. M. Robertson, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Augustine Birrell. It is designed, as will be seen, to enable our readers to reveal as clearly as possible where they stand on these issues by categorical answers. We hope that all our readers will fill up and sign the questionnaire and return it to us. All answers and the names of all persons answering will, of course, be kept strictly confidential. We shall publish the results of the canvass in the form of aggregate figures of those answering "Yes" and "No" to each question, but no names will be published or otherwise divulged. Before calculating the final results, we shall allow time for answers to be received from readers overseas.

DISQUIETING MANŒUVRES

WHAT is happening in the Foreign Offices of Europe with regard to next month's meetings of the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations? A few weeks ago there seemed every prospect of a smooth passage for Germany into the League. The difficulties which arose so unexpectedly last February, and wrecked the special Assembly summoned in March to elect Germany to the League, appeared to have been swept away by the Composition Committee. Brazil had given notice of its intention to withdraw from the League; a defection which we regretted, but regarded as a small price to pay for the removal of an impertinent obstacle to Germany's admission. The Polish claim had disappeared in the smoke of a domestic revolution. Spain seemed sulky but acquiescent, and had lost the support of both Britain and France for her claim to a permanent seat. There would be no repetition, we were assured, of the fiasco of last March. Germany would be duly elected alone to a permanent seat, and the League would enter hopefully on a new and more complete phase of its existence.

Suddenly, coincidentally with the return of M. Poincaré to power, the international horizon has become murky. The Polish claim to a permanent seat is again put forward in Warsaw and the Paris Press. Spain has called unexpectedly for a further meeting of the Composition Committee this month, and has simultaneously announced the conclusion of a treaty with Italy, the significance of which is obscure. There are rumours that Italy has undertaken to support the Spanish claim to a permanent seat, and it is even said that Mussolini might go the length of vetoing the election of Germany if his new ally is not satisfied. There are further rumours that Germany is being asked by France and Britain to bargain away her claim to be admitted alone to the Council in exchange for a reduction of the Allied forces on the Rhine.

All this is disquieting. Mussolini has never affected any devotion to the League idea; and the possibility that he

would lend himself to a manœuvre prejudicial to the League, whenever it suited his national game to do so, has always been a factor to be reckoned with. But it is disturbing that the rumblings of this latent danger should coincide with the return of M. Poincaré to power in France. The mere fact of M. Poincaré's return accounts probably for some of the unfavourable symptoms we have noted. The revival of the Polish claim may not have been—it probably was not—dictated from the Quai d'Orsay; but it is almost certainly the reaction of Polish psychology to the news of M. Poincaré's success. In this and similar ways, although M. Poincaré personally may have been entirely absorbed in questions of finance, his return to office has already served to change the international atmosphere—and to change it for the worse.

Disinterested League opinion needs once more to be on the alert. A great responsibility will rest next month upon Sir Austen Chamberlain.

CAN M. POINCARÉ SUCCEED ?

PARIS, AUGUST 16TH, 1926.

WHEN I said a fortnight ago that it was just possible that M. Poincaré might succeed in restoring order to French finances, the thought was the child of no wish, for I frankly hope that M. Poincaré will fail. The peace of Europe is even more important than French financial restoration. When, therefore, I say now that M. Poincaré's chances of success have for the moment diminished, I shall, I hope, be credited with taking an objective view. Not that I venture to prophesy his failure. He will fail if he does not change his methods, but who can foresee the action of a Minister who changed his mind four times in ten days about so important a matter as the ratification of the debt agreements? As M. Gignoux said in the JOURNÉE INDUSTRIELLE on August 11th, M. Poincaré and his colleagues, after the "act of faith" at Versailles, will now come up against economic and financial realities perhaps made more palpable by their own policy, which may require of them "an effort of adaptation and revision of their first conceptions."

M. Poincaré, however, has put himself in a very difficult position by his fifth and final decision in regard to the debt agreements. He had, of course, to deal with a sharply divided Cabinet, and with a parliamentary opinion intensely hostile at any rate to the ratification of the Washington agreement as it stands, without a "safe-guard" such as M. Caillaux obtained from Mr. Churchill. The opposition in the Cabinet was nearly overcome. Even M. Tardieu consented to forget his speech of July 17th in the Chamber, and yielded to the urgent need of a loan or credits from abroad. Two die-hards, however, still held out. They were M. Marin and M. Herriot! The former even organized a revolt of the Right in the Chamber. So on August 7th M. Poincaré went back on his decision of two days earlier to ask Parliament to ratify the agreements before the end of the session. He might have made another attempt to overcome the scruples of the two *frères-ennemis*, had not the publication of M. Clemenceau's letter on August 8th clinched the matter. Ratification of the Washington agreement then became impossible. Had M. Poincaré asked for it, the Government would have been defeated in the Chamber. It remains to be seen whether M. Clemenceau has or has not done a service to his country. I have no doubt that such was his intention, but perhaps it was not entirely disagreeable to him to know that he was at the same time putting a spoke in M. Poincaré's wheels.

Thus M. Poincaré is not entirely to blame for the failure to ratify the debt agreements, so far as the events of the last ten days go, but ultimately he is responsible for that failure. He has been hoist with his own petard. He in-

spired the campaign against ratification and foreign credits in order to oust M. Caillaux and take his place. He is now paying the penalty. He cannot blame the simple-minded M. Marin for having taken the campaign seriously, and having refused to uproot the convictions that M. Poincaré had implanted in his honest breast. The significance of these events is that they show that M. Poincaré has been obliged to recognize the urgent necessity of getting a loan or credits from abroad, and the impossibility of getting either without the ratification of the debt agreements. Perhaps he has recognized these facts too late. Having, as it is now plain, no financial policy at all except that of not being "a defeatist of the franc," and trying, as he evidently does, to improvise one from day to day, he seemed to be on the point of stumbling on the right policy, having discovered that economic and financial realities are not influenced by flag-waving or even franc-waving. But now, even on the hypothesis that he decides to stabilize the franc, how can he do it without foreign aid? He could, of course, use the gold of the Bank of France, but he has solemnly abjured so horrible a sacrilege.

Whether M. Poincaré has finally lost his chance depends on the events of the next few weeks. It is possible that after all he has not. It is quite easy for him to start a Press campaign in favour of the ratification of the debt agreements. All the gramophones will duly give out their master's voice. There are indeed signs that such a campaign has begun. Already papers that a month ago denounced debt ratification as almost treasonable are beginning to say that it is unpatriotic to oppose it. If, after a month or so of such a campaign, M. Poincaré summoned Parliament and told the senators and deputies that, much as he disliked ratifying the agreements, it had become inevitable, he would almost certainly get his majority, especially if the franc had fallen in the interval and things looked bad. Indeed, it is probable that the Socialists and Communists would be the only opponents and would thereby lose the potential advantage that they have gained by having no share in the responsibility for the increased taxation and the constitutional sinking fund. As I said a fortnight ago, the chief condition of M. Poincaré's success is that he should be ready to swallow his opinions on financial matters. He has now swallowed them on two vital points—the very points on which he got into power. It should be still easier to swallow the remainder. He is, of course, to some extent at the mercy of events, and he must hit on precisely the right moment to ask for ratification. He would risk failure either by acting too soon before opinion had been sufficiently prepared, or by waiting too long until economic and financial conditions had become such as to cause a reaction against him.

Meanwhile, M. Poincaré resorts to window-dressing. We have had the farce of Versailles, which was not even a solemn farce, for the National Assembly degenerated into a bear garden. The Press conveniently puts the blame on the Communists, but M. de Selves, the President of the National Assembly, has a much greater responsibility for the scandal. Had he been more impartial and less dictatorial, the proceedings might have been more decent. He began by forcing on the Assembly without discussion or even a regular vote the Standing Orders of the Constituent Assembly of 1871, the text of which had not been communicated to the members and was unknown to nearly all of them. After their adoption it was discovered that the Standing Orders forbade any manifestations of approval or disapproval, so that speeches should have been listened to in absolute silence! In fact, they were usually not listened to at all. The Right howled down speakers on the other side. The Socialists and Communists retorted with superior lungs, and there was a general uproar. Finally M. de Selves applied an astonishing Standing Order of 1871, which enabled him, after suspending the sitting for half an hour, to close the discussion and put the question. And then there was the edifying spectacle of the representatives of France voting in a deafening noise without the least idea what they were voting about, guided by the *huissiers* who held up their hands to show the members how to vote! As the RENAISSANCE has said, for all they knew, the members of the Assembly might have voted the revision of the whole Constitution.

It is difficult to understand the mentality that, for the sake of saving a few hours, provoked this scandal by stifling the opposition of a small minority. It is true that M. Léon Blum, who did get something like a hearing, made a most damaging criticism of the Government Bill, which M. Poincaré quite failed to rebut, but the Government would have risked nothing by tolerance. The Assembly was under the mastery of the herd instinct.

The second piece of window-dressing is the appointment of a committee of the Cabinet to reduce prices. A new St. George, M. Poincaré sallies forth to slay the dragon of "la vie chère." His task is more difficult than that of St. George, for the dragon is an illusion. The French public has many illusions about prices. The Press has unanimously expressed the astonishment of the public that retail prices did not immediately fall after the rise of the franc the week before last. M. Sarraut, Minister of the Interior, has also made himself the mouthpiece of that astonishment, although a Minister would, one thinks, be better employed in correcting popular misconceptions than in encouraging them. Not a discordant note has been sounded. Nobody has ventured to suggest that tradesmen can hardly be expected, because the franc improves for a few days, suddenly to reduce the prices of goods bought perhaps weeks or even months earlier. The franc is no higher now than it was two months ago. Nobody has pointed out that retail prices have not yet felt anything like the full effect of the fall of the franc in July, by which wholesale prices were of course more quickly affected. At the end of July retail prices were only 5.5 per cent. higher than at the end of June, whereas wholesale prices were 18.4 per cent. higher. Nobody has remarked that retail prices can hardly fall unless and until wholesale prices are reduced, and then only after a certain interval.

Nobody has recognized that no permanent reduction of retail prices can be expected, since, as in other countries with a depreciated and unstable currency, they lag far behind wholesale prices, which they will catch up if and when the franc is stabilized. Nobody seems to have discovered that gold prices are much lower than they were a year ago and that, therefore, wholesale prices too must rise. The index numbers at the end of last month were 856 for wholesale prices and 574 for retail prices. At the end of July, 1925, they were, respectively, 569 and 421, so that in the twelve months wholesale prices had increased only 50.4 per cent. and retail prices only 36.3 per cent., whereas the value of the franc had been halved.

It seems hardly possible that all the Ministers, politicians, permanent officials, and journalists in France are entirely ignorant of these simple facts. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that there is a conspiracy to humbug the French people. The Government cannot forcibly reduce prices, and the attempt will merely lead to a general refusal to sell. Already there is a tendency in that direction, and stocks are being accumulated, because, of course, prices are in fact much too low. Perhaps it is hoped to force realization of stocks by still further restricting credit—another increase of the Bank rate is said to be contemplated—but the consequences of such a policy would hardly be happy.

It is a strange atmosphere in which we live here. One has the unpleasant impression of being back in wartime. There are the same terrorism, the same moral cowardice, the same political apostasies, the same Chauvinist mysticism, the same domination of the herd instinct, the same "bourrage de crâne," the same credulity. Legends as fantastic in their way as those of Belgian children with their hands cut off find ready acceptance. That Englishmen in Paris habitually light their pipes with fifty-franc notes is a matter of public notoriety, and I was told last week that a party of American tourists had papered the inside of a covered charabanc with thousand franc notes—each worth at least 25 dollars. It is hardly necessary to say that the Americans to be found in charabancs are usually people that have been saving for years to pay what will probably be the only visit of their lives to Europe. But for the Parisian public American is synonymous with millionaire.

The illusion of being back in the war is helped by the military metaphors of the Press. One can hardly open a paper without finding an allusion to the "battle of the franc," or the "offensive against the franc," or the

"defence of the franc," or the "victory of the franc," or the "defeat of the pound," or the "retreat of the dollar." There are "*jusqu'aboutistes* of the franc" and "defeatists of the franc." The "poor civilians of finance behind the lines" are adjured to have faith and to stand firm ("*Pourvu que les civils tiennent!*") even though "the pound should try to leap up again." Some of the articles might have been reprinted from papers published during the war, with the substitution of the pound and the dollar for the "Boches." For the popular conception of the financial situation, encouraged if not suggested by the Press, is that the pound and the dollar make war on the franc. If the franc improves, the pound and the dollar lose in value, and *vice versa*, for, in a war, a victory for one side must be a defeat for the other. Granting the premises, it is quite logical. The cause of the hilarious joy at the rise of the franc the week before last was less the delusion that it was good for France than the delusion that it was bad for England. It was a victory over the enemy. This mania for militarizing finance is perhaps as suggestive as the fact that there is no exact equivalent in any other language for the adjective "cocardier."

It is difficult to account for the atmosphere of terrorism, but it exists. Even the few people in touch with realities dare not tell the truth publicly. The whole Press, except, of course, the Socialist and Communist papers—and the *VOLONTÉ*—is manifestly intimidated or influenced by other means. M. Poincaré has some experience of "influencing" the newspapers, acquired when he dispensed the liberalities of that generous benefactor of the French Press, the late lamented M. Isvolsky. I am, however, inclined to think that the principal cause of the paralysis of criticism is fear of running counter to the herd and of being accused of "defeatism." The grave apprehensions in financial and industrial circles find discreet expression in such articles as that of M. Gignoux, already quoted, and the article of M. Gaston Jèze, one of the committee of experts, in the *JOURNAL DES FINANCES* on Sunday. But M. Jèze did not venture to criticize M. Poincaré. He put the blame for any shortcomings on other members of the Cabinet. And the papers in which these articles appeared are not read by the general public.

Events are already justifying my warning of a fortnight ago against the assumption that there would be no change in foreign policy because M. Briand is still at the Quai d'Orsay. M. Poincaré has not been in power quite a month, and already the atmosphere of Europe has changed. The system of alliances by which all the impossible frontiers are to be guaranteed and stereotyped is being completed, and the "Latin-Slav Bloc" against Russia and Germany is being formed. There is only too much reason to fear that, as in 1912 and in 1922, M. Poincaré will once more prove a "harbinger of stormy weather in which he seems to delight." (See the dictionaries under "petrel.") Telegrams in the French papers say that Sir Austen Chamberlain takes an optimist view of the Geneva prospects. This, if true, is alarming. It may be that Sir Austen Chamberlain is the only potential barrier against a repetition of the fiasco of March, which would this time be final and fatal. It is not a reassuring thought.

ROBERT DELL.

THE EXAMINATION BLIGHT

IN one particular, at any rate, the elementary schools are the most fortunate in the land; they are practically free from the cramping tyranny of external examinations. This is certainly the main cause of the decided improvement in the quality of elementary education. Some of the older teachers, perhaps, have never been quite comfortable since they lost their chains. Examinations were a convenient goad; the inspector a bogey man. External and arbitrary standards were fixed for which the teacher had no responsibility and over which he had no control. To the mechanically minded the plan had obvious advantages; and, possibly, standardized educational suits are the only wear for mob teaching. Yet real progress has been made; to-day the schools are certainly happier

places; they have probably improved from the "efficiency" point of view. The children would fail sadly if asked for the area of Kamchatka, but they know more of geography; they have less syntax but a better command of English; they couldn't reel off the merits and defects of Macbeth, but they have a better appreciation of Shakespeare. The elementary school may, if it will, arrange its curriculum to fit the special needs of its pupils.

If we turn to the secondary school all is changed. There the dictatorship of the examiner has full sway. To examination success all else is subordinated. The evil is admitted; its devastating effects have been demonstrated. But tradition is too strongly entrenched, and the thing remains despite the dignified protests and savage invective it annually provokes from educationalists. What happens is well enough known. For the First School Examination, the secondary school child is mercilessly drilled and crammed; he is condemned to long hours of home work; he is told that on this examination the prestige of the school and the "glittering prizes" of the future depend.

"And that pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the Ruler of the King's Navee."

And yet despite this forcing process, 66 per cent. of the children do not get through the examination! In other words, 78,000 children are every year doomed to a mental grind which for 58,000 of them is a task of Sisyphus.

The lucky people whose mental make-up enables them to carry off examination trophies with ease are apt to dub the failures dullards. "We have to teach Latin," grumbles the schoolmaster, "to boys who ought to be carting muck." Now we must be careful. The schoolmaster's dunce is not necessarily a genius, but before condemning a boy to be "a carter of muck," let us be quite sure that the curriculum and teaching methods are not at fault. It is absurd to suppose that two-thirds of the children are "dunces." Secondary school children are selected children, enjoying intellectual or social advantages. The elementary school loses its brightest pupils; yet Dr. Cyril Burt, the L.C.C. psychologist, found that even the skimmed residue contains 32 per cent. of children of "super-normal" intelligence, while another 37 per cent. possess "normal" intelligence.

It may be said that it is not examination success but the "training of the mind" (blessed phrase!) that is of value. Unfortunately for that flattering unctious, examination exigencies often drive real education out and let cram in. A year or two ago, Professor Einstein advocated the abolition of examinations on the ground that they train the memory rather than the reflective faculties. The examination rush, indeed, leaves very little time for thinking. The ordinary examination tests a particular group of abilities in which memory plays the leading rôle. Memory and intelligence are no doubt closely co-related, but memory is not intelligence. Examination success comes most easily to the candidate who has no real tastes, who will gulp down mental rice-pudding and ginger-pop with equal facility and indifference, and is able to disgorge the same, whole, on the word of command. To those about to take an examination I would say, "Beware of getting really interested in a subject!" He who follows a delightful quest has no chance against him who concentrates on exam "tips," and spots the examiner's pet ideas. Thus the examination system discourages the free growth of natural talent, and diverts attention from essential learning.

It may be that youth needs a stimulus to mental endeavour. We hear of youngsters who prefer irregular verbs to football, Virgil to Jules Verne, and will read Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" in bed. But we don't often meet these prodigies. The spur of competition may be useful, but it has its dangers; some it drives to egotism, others to despair. In any case it seems easy enough to devise tests of progress and ability without recourse to the single chance of an external examination which depends largely on an examiner's vagaries, even upon the state of his digestive apparatus. No doubt many a candidate has failed because an examiner's pipe was not drawing well.

The system may do little or no damage to the really brilliant scholar who will take the examination in his stride.

Genius has little use for the schoolmaster, though it is well to remember the fable in which the mouse set free the lion. I suspect, too, the man who says he cannot enjoy "The Tempest" because he had to "swot" it at school. Nor will examinations harm the excessively docile child who never dreams of doing anything but what he is told, and has no "contraband appetite" for unexaminable knowledge. But the great mass of children will suffer; in Dr. Johnson's phrase, "they will be tamed to insignificance." The whole apparatus of the examination system seems admirably adapted to the purpose of convincing the majority of children that they are fools. They leave school disappointed and disillusioned, convicted of intellectual inferiority, of the futility of study.

There is much talk of equal educational advantages for all. It is a fine democratic ideal, but it should apply to intellectual and temperamental differences as well as to social differences. Many clever children have no use for the bleak abstractions of the class-room. The chalk and chatter lessons; the text-book information and borrowed opinions they cannot absorb. Such children resist the *foie gras* method of teaching; they learn by doing rather than by swallowing, and usually make bad examinees. The avenues of knowledge these children would eagerly explore are closed against them. What they need is more practical work. The other day a speaker at the Mathematical Association urged the abolition of the Mathematical Tripos examination because under its influence Tripos Mathematics had become "a collection of elaborate futilities." Wherever the examination blight settles, learning loses reality, becomes devitalized. We must keep the examination system in its place; as a device for selecting Civil Service officials it is a convenience; as a basis for education, it is a real danger.

CHARLES H. BARKER.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THERE has come into my hands a copy of an article with the following headlines: "A London Letter.

By our Special Correspondent. The Future of Liberalism." It is issued by the Press Agent to the Liberal Party from 42, Parliament Street, and is one of a series supplied regularly, I understand, to country newspapers. Now all parties do their best to work the papers by propaganda; the only difference is in the subtlety of the methods. The specimen before me is not only singularly clumsy; but singularly untimely. I don't know whether many country weeklies are innocent enough to print it as news; needless to say, this sort of thing is not tried on the big dailies. Propaganda, to be effective, should be interesting in itself and new in its approach to old subjects. This precious "London Letter" is a series of dud shells fired with reckless malice from the Oxford camp, and I suggest that the revered head of the party, who can know nothing of it, should curb his subordinate. It is anti-Lloyd George dope that would not put a baby to sleep. As to the untimeliness of this sort of thing—at this moment everyone is hoping that the disruptive forces in the party will be defeated, but the thing may turn on a hair. No one knows whether Lord Oxford intends to carry on the war, or, if so, how he means to do it. The delay and uncertainty is bad for the party prospects this winter. We want definite peace, and we want it quickly. This is the moment chosen by "the Press Agent to the Liberal Party" to keep the trouble active in the constituencies with a series of tendentious statements, full of feeble malice, and inventive uncharitableness. As I say, the thing ought to be stopped.

Conservative headquarters seem to be trying the Cabinet film on Wiltshire—trying it on the cow, so to speak. The signs are that the rustics are not quite green enough.

They prefer Douglas Fairbanks, and small blame to them. "Doug" does something for his money, but this film suggests we pay our masters large sums in money and advertisement for existing in a dubiously decorative manner. Mr. Churchill is seen settling the Budget (with cigar), Mr. Baldwin settling the coal strike (more or less) with pipe; Jix is seen doing nothing in particular (with horse); Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland settles a Labour dispute (with smile). Dog does not normally eat dog, and the curious thing is that this blow at the Government has been devised by Tories.

* * *

It is a commonplace that half the silly judgments men pass are the result of not keeping the eye on the object. People simply will not look at things. In politics this refusal is partly due to the liking for looking, not at the object, but at some simulacrum of it created by pleasure or anger. The *MORNING POST* politician, for instance, never thinks of looking at Mr. Cook as he is; the word "Cook" connotes for him a lunatic, a Red bogey, a blatherskite, anything but a credible Mr. Cook. To the *DAILY HERALD* person Mr. Cook is an angel adorned with a pink halo. If you look at Mr. Cook—London unfortunately never has the chance, hence perhaps his legendary character—he is seen to be neither bogey nor angel, but human, imperfect, and quite understandable. He is not only never seen in Southern England, but he is never fairly reported in the national papers, in whose eyes the extravagant part is greater (as news) than the whole. The *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN* did a sensible and useful thing the other day in printing a Cook harangue verbatim, and extraordinary stuff it is. It is clearly the expression of an eager, exuberant personality: a man as they say with a low flash point. Mr. Cook as an orator is perpetually going in at the deep end: the whole bath so to speak is deep end. He has something of the same dramatic outfit as Mr. Lloyd George; that is, he acts his speeches. And the man is no fool. No fool could have achieved his triumph at that huge Welsh miners' meeting, when he turned them round completely so that they reversed their decision of the week before. If he is a demagogue, he is an expert at the job, and like all successful demagogues he has his eye on practical politics in the very rush of emotion. The speech I speak of was sown with subtle feelers towards the Churches and the Government and the owners. Unfortunately it is the clowning that gets into the papers, and what statesmanship there is in Mr. Cook is lost on his hearers.

* * *

I have been talking with a friend who, like Mr. Lloyd George, has been seeing for himself how the miners live in a South Wales valley. He is a humane man with no axe to grind. What impressed him chiefly, he tells me, was the splendid communal spirit of charity in these isolated communities. There are few class barriers to arrest the flow of sympathy. Nearly everyone, in one way or another, depends on the pits. The sufferings of the miners and their people are felt as a calamity affecting everyone, like an "Act of God" or an air raid. It is possible for Mr. Baldwin complacently to tell the Americans that no one is starving, not because of anything the Poor Law is doing, still less because of Russian money, or Trade Union contributions. The miners' chief support comes from the extraordinarily self-sacrificing efforts of the local relief organizations which see to it that they get one good meal a day for a few pence. It is help, as it were, within the family. Those who still have work, in shops and so on, pay regularly into the fund, which is often managed by committees of all the parties. In one village dances are held two or three times a week to raise money. Admission

costs sixpence, and there are shopgirls who pay half-a-crown so as to give more to the miners. At one of these dances two young miners begged for admission. They had only twopence between them. They were allowed in, and afterwards they brought the full shilling. It appeared that a girl a little better off than themselves, a waitress, I think, had made it up for them. These and other things which my friend told me, answered for me the question I and multitudes more have been asking—How on earth the miners can go on week after week, enduring the merciless grind of privation.

* * *

A correspondent in America has sent me a copy of the *CHRISTIAN CENTURY*, a religious weekly, of which I confess I had never heard. It provided me with a most interesting piece of reading. This is an extremely full, detached, and well-documented account of the textile strike at Passaic, which has lasted for over six months—one of the longest and most obstinate struggles in industrial history. This is not only a singularly useful and intelligent piece of journalism, though it is remarkable as such when you remember the newsy scrappiness with which even big strikes like the recent steel and coal strikes over there are treated in the leading dailies. What would not one give for such a short but comprehensive summary of our coal stoppage and its causes. Our strike has been "featured" every day for weeks, it is true, but with two exceptions the papers have done little more than chronicle the vagaries of Mr. Cook. The Passaic strike could not be ignored in America owing to the faulty judgment of the police in maltreating the reporters "on the story." The conditions of labour in these Passaic mills are almost incredible. The least protected of English workpeople would not stand them for a day. Night work by women; tyrannic interference with combination; spies in the mills; general bitterness and crude denial of liberty all round—these are some features of this terrible picture. And people talk as if all was beer and skittles in American industry under the régime of high wages and mass production. This is the bulletin of a crude and remorseless economic war.

* * *

Things may not be very flourishing with the Liberal Party, but we are not yet in need of the patronage of "Jix." That bandbox Mussolini, in an interlude between duck shoots in Scotland, has been mourning over the decay of Liberalism. Jix would be sorry to see the Party disappear. We must hasten our revival to cheer him up. I'm afraid we shall not agree with Jix on how it can best be hastened. Jix has the notion that the best course for Liberals is to vote Tory at the next election, on the principle, I suppose, that the safest place when pursued by a tiger is inside the tiger. No, "Jix the boy for work, Jix the boy for play," must think again. It will take more than the tin trumpet of Jix to summon Liberals into the anti-revolutionary camp, where he sees himself strutting as Commander-in-Chief.

* * *

Under the guidance of that niggling pedant, the President of the Board of Trade, the Government's policy of piecemeal protection pursues its sneaking way. The new Merchandise Marks Bill is nothing but Protection, badly camouflaged under the pretence of helping British as against foreign goods. What the Government—a Government which boasts of its patronage of the home trade—persistently, even scornfully, neglects is the welfare of the great interests which depend for life upon the free flow of trade through the ports and the middlemen's offices. No one seems to bother now about the Safeguarding duties, of whose working, so full of vexations and hindrances to many trades, I have been hearing at first hand. The points of

complaint are often small, but in the mass they mean sand in the machine instead of oil. The over-worked Customs officials are at their wits' end how to deal with the swarm of petty problems which harassed traders rain upon them. The absurdities and injustices of which I have heard in relation to the wrapping-paper duty would alone make a long list. The paper fool's cap, worn at a festive evening, is one of the things that have been (symbolically) held to be dutiable. There is no end to Protectionist pin-pricks of this sort, but there is nothing small about the mass effect of the duties as shown in the figures of the first year's export and re-export trade of the industries singled out for "assistance."

The other day I took down "Anna Karenin," and I have not been able to put it back before finishing the last of the nine hundred pages once more—for the third time. I don't know what the bright young men are saying about the book nowadays, but in all sobriety I think this is the world's greatest novel. Many years ago Matthew Arnold said that it was life itself, and that is true. It is life selected and controlled to a big moral end by a mind of amazing compass and power. Where it seems to me that Tolstoy beats all rivals, ancient and modern, is in the intensity of that Protean sympathy which at once, without labour or discrimination, enters into the heart of everyone who even puts a nose, as it were, into the story. It is, I suppose, the special Russian feeling for the *humanness* of humanity, raised to the intensity of genius. From this feeling comes that peculiar triumph of Tolstoy as a writer about life that he is able to convey with a success no one has equalled, the happiness of simple folks in the most ordinary circumstances. All life is sacred to him, nor does he, while he remains an artist, sit in judgment on the life spilt in tears. He judges indeed, to use a half-remembered phrase of Whitman's, not as a judge at all, but like the sunlight falling round a helpless thing. Fine judges of literature have told me that "The Brothers Karamazov" is the greatest novel. I will believe it when the writhings of epilepsy are accounted as excellent as the energies of sane and balanced power.

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AMERICA AND TURKEY

SIR,—In your comments on American international relations in your issue of July 17th you say: "The Treaty with Turkey is strongly objected to by a large body of opinion in the Churches and by a dominant section of the American Board of Missions, who together are able to mobilize the opposition forces whenever the Treaty is brought within reach of the Senate." This statement is not quite accurate. The attitude of the Churches has undoubtedly been misrepresented by a rather hasty pronouncement of one hundred and ten bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, some of the most prominent of whom have subsequently reversed their attitude. As for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, their attitude is expressed by the following resolution adopted by their Prudential Committee on June 8th, 1926:—

"Resolved: That the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions earnestly urges upon the members of the United States Senate immediate and favourable action upon the Lausanne Treaty with Turkey, now pending before that body.

"This action of the Committee is based upon the following convictions:—

"1. That the ratification of the treaty will open the door to the most effective service by American institutions and missionaries in behalf not only of the Turks but also of the minority populations.

"2. That there is no reason to believe that for an indefinite period, if this treaty fails of ratification, another equally satisfactory can be negotiated.

"3. That the ratification of the treaty in no way implies the sanction of past actions by the Turkish Government."

This resolution unquestionably represents the dominant opinion of American religious bodies having the largest experience and personnel in missionary and educational enterprises in Turkey.—Yours, &c.,

JEROME D. GREENE.

43, Exchange Place, New York.

August 9th, 1926.

MINERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN

SIR,—May we once again ask if you will allow us to place before your readers the need for help for women and children in the coalfields?

During the past few weeks the situation has grown definitely worse. The lack of food during the whole period is showing its effects with terrible severity, and the greatest sufferers are the mothers and small children.

Our funds are not large enough to protect them in any adequate way, and every day we hear of further curtailment in the amount of assistance being given by Public Authorities. In Scotland especially there is a growing number of districts where Parish Councils, Education Authorities, and Public Health Authorities have all ceased to provide food, and the people have become entirely dependent upon voluntary funds.

In England and Wales only one Board of Guardians (that of Bolton) covering a large number of miners has completely stopped out-relief, but a large number of others have curtailed it to so small an amount that it is almost as bad.

In Pontypool area a very large number have been put off out-relief altogether, while others are given so little that it is impossible for them to stave off starvation without extra help. Many of these people have applied for admission to the work-house (which shows that they have reached the last stage of distress) and have been refused.

In one small part of this area a gift of 96 lbs. of Glaxo from charitable sources has been made to four maternity centres. Its total inadequacy may be judged by the fact that at one centre alone there were 81 applications for supplies.

This Committee has week after week to extend its special grants in the endeavour to make up the default of Public Authorities. The extent of the distress may be judged by the fact that we are receiving daily letters telling us of the deaths of mothers in child-birth, or the birth of still-born children. In some districts the people hide their poverty as best they may from onlookers, but are in such a condition that they will walk miles to receive a couple of loaves of bread.

In a South Wales area five women came to a Labour Councillor for help, and amongst them had thirty-three children. Pooling all their food resources, they had two small loaves and a quarter of a pound of margarine between them from Saturday until Monday. In a village nearby a sick baby of seven months old was being fed on flour and water.

In another area a woman was endeavouring to suckle a child of nearly two as well as a newly-born baby because she had no chance of getting milk or other food for the older child.

In a Scottish village a woman died of exhaustion in giving birth to twins, one of whom also died.

We are aware that these tragedies occur in what we speak of as normal times, but the frequency with which they are happening to-day justifies us in asking for help from all persons of humane feeling.

The policy of starving out is now actively at work. A man in one village whose wife had given birth to a still-born baby and had had to be taken to hospital, had not a penny to pay for any sort of conveyance to carry her in, and his own expression to those who helped him to get a car was: "I never felt like giving in as I did when I heard the baby was dead."

Child sickness is on the increase. Reports come of infectious disease from all quarters. The school term is opening, and children have neither boots nor clothes to wear.

Yet the spirit of the women as well as the men does not break, even though more pressure is to be put upon them through the growing privations they are suffering.

We beg that any of your readers that can do so will help by sending money or clothes or boots. All contributions should be sent to Lady Slessor, 11, Tufton Street, Westminster, S.W.1, and cheques crossed "Women's Committee for the Relief of Miners' Wives and Children."—Yours, etc.,

MARION PHILLIPS,
Secretary.

11, Tufton Street, London, S.W.11.
August 17th, 1926.

THE GENIUS OF MR. D. H. LAWRENCE

SIR,—By reading Mr. Edwin Muir's "Contemporary Portrait" of Virginia Woolf in THE NATION of April 17th, 1926, together with the small footnote-index of previous Portraits attached, I have been impelled to look up Mr. Muir's study of D. H. Lawrence, published exactly one year ago, to wit, on July 4th, 1925.

After a year's close study, in person, of practically all the available works of Mr. Lawrence, I am inclined to think, and say, that last year's judgment was shortsighted and unfair. Not intentionally so, of course. But, for special exactitude and clearness' sake, let us examine Mr. Muir's words. Here they are:—

(1) "He (Mr. Lawrence) is unfair to everything conscious—to civilization, the mind, character, in all of which art finds so much of its subject-matter.

(2) "Through an inner weakness, or that negligence which he dignifies into arrogance; and he theorizes because brought his art to its perfection; and he theorizes because there is something which he cannot see clearly enough to describe.

(3) "His vision is not more lucid now than it was in 'The Rainbow': his philosophy is only more set and clear. That philosophy, in other words, has not been fused with his art; it has been arbitrarily imposed upon it. So we have a novel like 'Kangaroo,' which is mostly loose discussion, and a tale like 'The Captain's Doll,' which is falsified to point a moral."

This judgment shows, I am afraid, how very little Mr. Edwin Muir must know of the ethic of real criticism. Take "Kangaroo" as a test. It is no sort of an effective criticism at all of this book to say that it is "mostly loose discussion." The real point at issue is, of course: Is life itself in Australia mostly loose discussion, i.e., one part of action to ninety-nine of talk? If it is—and everybody with any knowledge of Australia at first hand knows that that is so—then, in the production of "Kangaroo," Mr. D. H. Lawrence has achieved the supreme triumph of his life.

I am myself an Australian. I have lived over forty years in Australia, not only in the Bush, but in every city and in every State. And I affirm, quietly, but with very great earnestness, that in the writing of his two particular Australian books—"The Boy in the Bush" and "Kangaroo"—D. H. Lawrence has rendered a service to the British race, *vis-à-vis* the British Empire and the future, worth £10,000,000. This is not to say that either of his novels dealing with this country are oleographic tourist studies in praise of Australia. On the contrary, they administer the fiercest kind of flogging that the people of Australia, or of any other English-speaking land, have received since Charles Dickens published his "American Notes." We are flayed alive in these two books. And I who have lived in every part of Western Australia dealt with in "The Boy in the Bush," as well as in every part of New South Wales dealt with in "Kangaroo": I do affirm that the genius of Mr. D. H. Lawrence is that of justice incarnate; and not since Charles Darwin visited this country in 1836 has such a titanic man of insight walked our shores.

As a test-passage from "Kangaroo," permit me to quote the following from p. 198:—

"Down into the centre of the great, dull-green whorls. . . . Gum-trees came up in tufts. The previous world!—the world of the coal age. The lonely, lonely world that had waited, it seemed, since the coal age. These ancient flat-topped tree-ferns, these towled palms like mops. What was the good of trying to be an alert, conscious man here? You couldn't. Drift, drift into a sort of obscurity, backwards into a nameless past, hoary as the country is hoary. Strange

old feelings wake in the soul; old, non-human feelings. And an old, old indifference, like a torpor, invades the spirit. An old, saurian torpor. Who wins? There was the land sprinkled with dwellings as with granulated sugar. There was a black smoke of steamers on the high pale sea, and a whiteness of steam from a colliery among the dull trees. Was the land awake? Would the people waken this ancient land, or would the land put them to sleep, drift them back into the torpid semi-consciousness of the world of the twilight."

The man who could so paint the whole consciousness—the civilization, mind, and character—of Australia into that short passage is as great, in his own way, as Raeburn, Velazquez, or Rembrandt. It is not an inner weakness, it is a sheer inner strength—a daemonic magic—in the pen of Mr. Lawrence which enables him to write such a mighty commentary upon the original arch-criticism of Australia, offered by Charles Darwin in his "Voyage of the Beagle." And all that Darwin had to say, indeed, about the future of Australia, he packed into a few hundred pregnant words. How tremendous the moral event, then—the coming of this man Lawrence, ninety years later, in the footsteps of one whose eyes were augers, boring into the ultimate secrets of the world?

On page 386 of "Kangaroo," D. H. Lawrence sums up with Darwinian clarity his own impressions of Australia. Summarized, here they are:—

"Man was there, but unnoticeable. You said a few words to a neighbour or an acquaintance, but it was merely for the sake of making a sound of some sort. Just a sound. There was nothing really to be said. The vast continent is really void of speech. . . . Fallen apart out of the human association. . . . The people either were the same, or they herded together in a promiscuous fashion. But this speechless, aimless solitariness was in the air. It was natural to the country. The people left you alone. They didn't follow you. . . . You passed, and they forgot you. You came again, and they hardly saw you. They never asked any questions; and they never encroached. They didn't care. The profound Australian indifference, which still is not really apathy. The disintegration of the social mankind back to its elements. Rudimentary individuals with no desire of communication. Speeches, just noises. A herding together like dumb cattle, a promiscuity like slovenly animals. Yet the basic indifference under everything. And with it all, toiling on with civilization. But it felt like a clock that was running down. It had been wound up in Europe, and was running down, running right down, here in Australia. Men were mining, farming, making roads, shouting politics. . . . The work kept them going a good deal more than they kept the work going. Nothing but the absolute drive of the world's work kept them going. Without it they would have lapsed into the old bush-ranging recklessness, lapsed into the profound indifference which was basic in them."

That extract should be set up in letters of fire over Australia House in the Strand. It is not only a terrifically true, scientific answer to Mr. Edwin Muir, but it is also an answer to Lord Burnham, Major Astor, and all the official Australian Government emigration-touts in England. It exposes the real, hair-raising tragedy of Australia—the tragedy of a people who possess, nominally, a country larger than the United States of America: the tragedy of the people who are sunken, nevertheless, in a kind of Chinese opium-lethargy—a people who "don't care."

If Mr. D. H. Lawrence had only written this single book "Kangaroo," he would still have rendered the British people a service worth more than all the Imperial Conferences that have ever been held. I must insist, accordingly, as an Australian anxious for the future of Australia, and of the British race, that the whole of Mr. Edwin Muir's criticism of D. H. Lawrence falls to the ground. It is simply not true. The fairness of Mr. Lawrence to all that is best in Australia will be found instantly by anyone who cares to read his books. When he praises, he spurts enthusiasm like Mauna Lea. His vision, so antithetical to that of Mr. John Galsworthy, and yet so complementary, is perhaps the most lucid thing available to-day in our English-speaking world. In "Kangaroo," he shows us the spectacle of a vast continent administered by a set of psychological Soames Forsytes who have gone to seed. If one million copies of "Kangaroo" could be sold, and read, instantly, in England, it would be a Godsend to the British race. It might bring them back, one and all, from the edge of revolutionary chaos. It might, as it should, now teach them that Englishmen themselves have a future—provided that they shape it, and not

Australia's lying, lazy Government officials—beyond the seas.

Mr. Edwin Muir has himself, I am glad to say, had at least one glimpse of the real greatness of D. H. Lawrence. He puts it in these words:—

"His novels produce always a double impression—of a breaking through, and of an imprisonment in the strange and beautiful, but subterranean, realm to which he has broken through. From this subterranean place he sees a far richer world than others do who are content with the light of day. . . . He writes like one whose whole being, whose blood, lusts, instincts, and senses are ecstatically sharing in the life of the thing described."

That is true. But the correct thing to say, in the last analysis, about Mr. D. H. Lawrence is that he is really a sort of reincarnated Lord Byron of England's. His Birkin in "Women In Love," his Aaron Sisson in "Aaron's Rod," his Jack Grant and Richard Somers in "The Boy in the Bush" and "Kangaroo"—what are they but fresh historic projections of the Byronic Manfred and Corsair? I am astonished that Mr. Edwin Muir has not seen this, said this. It is really the blood of the Ishmael hidden in the soul of England that Lawrence energizes, in all his novels, as Byron did in his own "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," a century ago.

With regard to Australia, it remains to be said that Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, in reviewing D. H. Lawrence's "David" in THE NATION of April 24th, 1926, has really fluked a better

and more concise appreciation of Mr. Lawrence's critical attitude than anything that Mr. Muir, in his "Contemporary Portrait" of July 4th, 1925, has written. His—D. H. Lawrence's—vision of the typical Australian is simply "the vision of a neurotic man rolling downhill to dementia, with the love of David and Jonathan"—e.g., Jack Callcott and Ben Cooley in "Kangaroo"—"thrown in. There are two races of men who alternately govern the earth; those who, like Saul, see God as a faceless flame, and those who, like David, are physically marvellous, and whose wisdom is fox-faced."

There are also two kinds of Englishmen, as well as two kinds of Australians. In both countries, the fox-faced kind have had their innings long enough. It is now time for the stronger Sauls to strike. That is, unless we wish to witness the spectacle of a whole neurotic Empire rolling towards dementia . . . downhill . . . downhill! Lawrence, in short—and I am no Jew—reminds me of one of these immortal Israelites of old: the two men whom Joshua sent out among the Soames Forsytes of Jericho, to spy out the Promised Land.—Yours, &c.,

GRANT MADISON HERVEY.

"Wahroonga," Railway Terrace, Dutton Park,
Brisbane, Q., Australia.
July 4th, 1926.

ANTLIONS

By STELLA BENSON.

ANTLIONS' snares were all over the little hill between the scarlet tiger-lilies. The hill lifted an old crater above an immense view across which the shadows of clouds moved like dark marching forests. But antlions seemed to us rarer than views. Antlions are little horrors, and nearly everyone really prefers a horror to a splendour.

Antlions may, for all I know, be commonplaces in the cultured circles in which I have not moved, but to me they seem full of excitement. The antlion is an unpleasant-looking beast, about three-quarters of an inch long; he has an enormous stomach and a very small head. One feels it would be useless to argue with an antlion. He is a complete lowbrow, and all the theories of civilization and other intellectual ingenuities of his victim, the ant, fall to the ground in his presence. His hunger rather than his intelligence prompts him to construct a snare into which the clever ant, hurrying along with his head full of airy ideas about constructive communism, never fails to fall. The snare is a neat, perfectly round dimple in loose sand—a dimple about three inches across and two inches deep. Sand is to the antlion a completely manageable element; he sinks into the sand at the bottom of his pit as easily as a cake of soap sinks into a basin-full of water. And at the bottom of the pit he waits. He leaves only his arms above the surface of the sand; you can see nothing of him but his thumbs, twiddling expectantly.

And inevitably his prey arrives. Ants, like other brilliant radicals, are always in a hurry. An ant never pays any obstacle the compliment of going round it. He is too well accustomed to being the brightest thinker in his world. An ant, arriving at the edge of the antlion's pit, is always sure that he can take it in his stride. No ant has ever come back from the dead to warn the living of the results of such a stride. The stride takes our ant in an avalanche of sand to the bottom of the pit. "Damn," he thinks, "that was a little undignified. But no matter. Nobody saw. Now up the other side." But there is no climbing the soft sliding sand on the slope; the ant scrabbles, slips, keeps his head with an effort, tries again, climbs halfway up with a wily rush. The antlion twiddles his thumbs more purposefully, and a splash of sand washes

our ant to the bottom again. Fingers close round his desperate body. He calls on his gods in vain.

Nothing but terror, I think, matters to a little quick creature at all. Death is even less important to these hairsbreadth heathens than it ought to be to a Christian. I always imagine that when a small thing, hurrying, trips upon very sudden death, it notices no change. The speed of life in a moth burnt in a candle, a fly crushed on a window, a bird shot as it flies, carries it past death. If you never noticed that you were alive, would death make you more aware? I think the little dead beasts go on darting and dancing in the light.

But terror is another matter, and a minute's struggle with a strong, frightful enemy is slower than a million years of death.

Our ant, slowly sinking in sand, terribly anchored by the heavy body of the antlion, knotted himself in terror and effort.

Watching this immoral victory of might over right, we gods were moved to a divine pity. I plunged a stick into the sand and tossed the whole scene of devilry into the air. The antlion popped out of his element like a salmon jumping out of water. He was revealed as no frightful mystery, but as a mean, naked, hungry thing scurrying for shelter. The ant, released in the turmoil, staggered away as though in a trance. Another ant spoke to it, but it made no reply. It had been in hell—it had seen God—its light, sophisticated antennæ, usually so nimbly articulate, so ready with explanations of the universe, were numb.

It seemed to me that a religion had been founded at that moment. I feel sure that that ant, given back his life by a rescue so inconceivable, so incredibly removed from the possibility of antish explanation, will become the inspired prophet of a far-reaching new spiritual rebirth among ants. The intensity of that ant's experience will infect a few disciples; a handful of faithful apostolic ants will weave a spreading net of evangelism all over that hill. A garbled and mystically elaborated dilution of the miraculous intervention will filter through to succeeding generations; a mass of reverent magic will attach itself to my olympic trifling. The divine name of Benson will, of

course, never be spoken—or even known—but some occult waggle of the antennæ will for ever mean *me* upon that hill. I am immortal at last.

As for the uprooted antlion, I think he attached no ethical significance to the incident at all. He only knew that his large stomach remained unexpectedly empty. We put him into another antlion's pit, hoping that his punishment might fit his crime. But no. Tail first, he placidly submerged himself in the bottom of the new pit, and sat twiddling his thumbs side by side with the rightful occupant. The next ant that comes that way will be eaten by two antlions instead of one. But of this darker aspect of divine intervention the elect in the Chosen Anthill will remain happily ignorant.

DIARY OF AN EASTWARD JOURNEY

By ALDOUS HUXLEY.

XIV.*

BENARES, JANUARY 14TH, 1926.—It was said that the eclipse of the sun would be visible from Benares. But it needed more than smoked glass to see it; the eye of faith was also indispensable. That, alas, we did not possess. Partial to the point of being non-existent, the eclipse remained, for us at least, unseen. Not that we minded. For it was not to look at the moon's silhouette that we had rowed out that morning on the Ganges; it was to look at the Hindus looking at it. The spectacle was vastly more extraordinary.

There were, at the lowest estimate, a million of them on the bathing ghats that morning. A million. All the previous night and day they had been streaming into the town. We had met them on every road, trudging with bare feet through the dust, an endless and silent procession. In bundles balanced on their heads they carried provisions and cooking utensils and dried dung for fuel, with the new clothes which it is incumbent on the pious Hindus to put on, after their bathe, in honour of the eclipsed sun. Many had come far. The old men leaned wearily on their bamboo staves. Their children astride of their hips, the burdens on their heads automatically balanced, the women walked in a trance of fatigue. Here and there we would see a little troop that had sat down to rest—casually, as is the way of Indians, in the dust of the road, and almost under the wheels of the passing vehicles.

And now the day and the hour had come. The serpent was about to swallow the sun. (It was about to swallow him in Sumatra, at any rate. At Benares it would do no more than nibble imperceptibly at the edge of his disk.) The serpent, should one say, was going to try to swallow the sun. A million of men and women had come together at Benares to assist the Light of Heaven against his enemy.

The ghats go down in furlong-wide flights of steps to the river, which lies like a long arena at the foot of enormous tiers of seats. The tiers were thronged to-day. Floating on the Ganges, we looked up at acres upon sloping acres of humanity.

On the smaller and comparatively unsacred ghats the crowd was a little less densely packed than on the holiest steps. It was at one of these less crowded ghats that we witnessed the embarkation on the sacred river of a princess. Canopied and curtained with glittering cloth of gold, a palanquin came staggering down through the crowd

on the shoulders of six red-liveried attendants. A great barge, like a Noah's ark, its windows hung with scarlet curtains, floated at the water's edge. The major-domo shouted and shoved and hit out with his rod of office; a way was somehow cleared. Slowly and with frightful lurchings, the palanquin descended. It was set down, and in the twinkling of an eye a little passage way of canvas had been erected between the litter and the door of the barge. There was a heaving of the cloth of gold, a flapping of the canvas; the lady—the ladies, for there must have been several of them in the litter—had entered the barge unobserved of any vulgar eye. Which did not prevent them, a few minutes later when the barge had been pushed out into mid-stream, from lifting the scarlet curtains and peering out with naked faces and unabashed curiosity at the passing boats and our inquisitive camera. Poor princesses! They could not bathe with their plebeian and unimprisoned sisters in the open Ganges. Their dip was to be in the barge's bilge water. The sacred stream is filthy enough under the sky. What must it be like after stagnating in darkness at the bottom of an ancient barge?

We rowed on towards the burning ghats. Stretched out on their neat little oblong pyres, two or three corpses were slowly smouldering. They lay on burning faggots, they were covered by them. Gruesomely and grotesquely, their bare feet projected, like the feet of those who sleep uneasily on a bed too short and under exiguous blankets.

A little further on we saw a row of holy men, sitting like cormorants on a narrow ledge of masonry just above the water. Cross-legged, their hands dropped limply, palm upwards, on the ground beside them, they contemplated the brown and sweating tips of their noses. It was the Lord Krishna himself who, in the Bhagavad Gita, prescribed the mystic squint. Lord Krishna, it is evident, knew all that there is to be known about the art of self-hypnotism. His simple method has never been improved on; it puts the mystical ecstasy *à la portée de tous*. The noise of an assembled million filled the air; but no sound could break the meditative sleep of the nose-gazers.

At a given moment the eye of faith must have observed the nibblings of the demoniacal serpent. For suddenly and simultaneously all those on the lowest step of the ghats threw themselves into the water and began to wash and gargle, to say their prayers and blow their noses, to spit and drink. A numerous band of police abbreviated their devotions and their bath in the interest of the crowds behind. The front of the waiting queue was a thousand yards wide; but a million people were waiting. The bathing must have gone on uninterruptedly the whole day.

Time passed. The serpent went on nibbling imperceptibly at the sun. The Hindus counted their beads and prayed, made ritual gestures, ducked under the sacred slime, drank and were moved on by the police to make room for another instalment of the patient million. We rowed up and down, taking snapshots. West is West.

In spite of the serpent, the sun was uncommonly hot on our backs. After a couple of hours on the river, we decided that we had had enough, and landed. The narrow lanes that lead from the ghats to the open streets in the centre of the town were lined with beggars, more or less holy. They sat on the ground with their begging bowls before them; the charitable, as they passed, would throw a few grains of rice into each of the bowls. By the end of the day the beggars might, with luck, have accumulated a square meal. We pushed our way slowly through the thronged alleys. From an archway in front of us emerged a sacred bull. The nearest beggar was dozing at his post—those who eat little sleep much. The bull lowered its muzzle to the sleeping man's bowl, made a scouring move-

* Nos. I.-XIII. appeared in THE NATION of March 6th, 18th, and 27th; April 3rd and 24th; May 22nd; June 5th, 12th, 19th, and 26th; July 17th, 24th, and 31st.

ment with its black tongue, and a morning's charity had gone. The beggar still dozed. Thoughtfully chewing, the Hindu totem turned back the way it had come and disappeared.

Being stupid and having no imagination, animals often behave far more sensibly than men. Efficiently and by instinct they do the right, appropriate thing at the right moment—eat when they are hungry, look for water when they feel thirst, make love in the mating season, rest or play when they have leisure. Men are intelligent and imaginative; they look backwards and ahead; they invent ingenious explanations for observed phenomena; they devise elaborate and roundabout means for the achievement of remote ends. Their intelligence, which has made them the masters of the world, often causes them to act like imbeciles. No animal, for example, is clever and imaginative enough to suppose that an eclipse is the work of a serpent devouring the sun. That is the sort of explanation that could occur only to a human mind. And only a human being would dream of making ritual gestures in the hope of influencing, for his own benefit, the outside world. While the animal, obedient to its instinct, goes quietly about its business, man, being endowed with reason and imagination, wastes half his time and energy in doing things that are completely idiotic. In time, it is true, experience teaches him that magic formulas and ceremonial gestures do not give him what he wants. But until experience has taught him—and he takes a surprisingly long time to learn—man's behaviour is in many respects far sillier than that of the animal.

So I reflected, as I watched the sacred bull lick up the rice from the dozing beggar's bowl. While a million people undertake long journeys, suffer fatigue, hunger, and discomfort in order to perform, in a certain stretch of very dirty water, certain antics for the benefit of a fixed star ninety million miles away, the bull goes about looking for food, and fills its belly with whatever it can find. In this case, it is obvious, the bull's brainlessness causes it to act much more rationally than its masters.

To save the sun (which might, one feels, very safely be left to look after itself) a million of Hindus will assemble on the banks of the Ganges. How many, I wonder, would assemble to save India? An immense energy which, if it could be turned into political channels, might liberate and transform the country, is wasted in the name of imbecile superstitions. Religion is a luxury which India, in its present condition, cannot possibly afford. India will never be free until the Hindus and the Moslems are as tepidly enthusiastic about their religions as we are about the Church of England. If I were an Indian millionaire, I would leave all my money for the endowment of an Atheist Mission.

LUCKNOW.—At the end of the second day of the All-India Musical Conference, I declared a strike. Accustomed to the ordinary three-hour day of the European concert-goer, I found myself exhausted by the seven or eight hours of daily listening imposed on me by the makers of the Lucknow programme. There was one long concert every morning, another every afternoon, a third at night. It was too much. After the second day I would not go again. Still, before I struck, I had had sixteen hours of Indian music—enough, at home, to hear all the symphonies of Beethoven, with a good sprinkling of characteristic specimens from Mozart and Bach thrown in. Sixteen hours of listening should be enough to give one at least the hang of an unfamiliar music.

Professional musicians, mostly attached to the courts of reigning princes, had come to Lucknow from every part of India. There were accomplished singers and celebrated players of every Indian instrument—including even the harmonium which, to my great astonishment and greater dis-

gust, was permitted to snore and whine in what I was assured was the very sanctuary of Indian music. I listened to all the virtuosity of India. That it touched me less than the more modest accomplishment of the old Lahore musician was due, I think, to purely physical causes. The vina and the sitar must be heard at close quarters. All the expression and feeling that a performer puts into his playing evaporates at a distance and nothing can be heard beyond the jangle of the plucked strings. At Lahore I had been amazed by the richness and variety of the tone that came out of the old musician's sitar. At Lucknow, where the concerts were held in a large tent, I was wearied by its tinkling monotony. Space had sucked the soul out of the music; it came to me dry and dead.

Much is enthusiastically talked about the use of quarter tones in Indian music. I listened attentively at Lucknow in the hope of hearing some new and extraordinary kind of melody based on these celebrated fractions. But I listened in vain. The scales in which Indian music is written are of quite familiar types. The pentatonic or black-note scale, for example, seems to be a favourite; and one learned in ancient European music would probably find no difficulty in labelling with their modal names the various melodies of India. The quarter tone makes its appearance only in the slurred transition from one note of the fundamental scale to another. The sentimental tzigane violinist and the player on the Hawaiian guitar make just as free a use of quarter tones as do the Indians, and in precisely the same way.

THE DRAMA

MR. GALSWORTHY'S PLAY

A DRAMATIC critic may be thankful for a new play by Mr. Galsworthy. However much he may disagree with the author of "Escape" (Ambassador's Theatre), however much he may object to his school of drama, he must admit that Mr. Galsworthy, unlike most living playwrights, knows exactly what the stuff is he is fashioning into a drama—whether it is intuitions, emotions, events or characters; and, as a matter of fact, he uses the first, which is the proper material of the dramatist. What his intuitions are is too well known to need repetition here; we may agree that cruelty is usually the result of fear, but we cannot believe that the social system is quite so bad as he claims; for the thesis of the play is that the man who cannot escape his own sense of "decency" is bound to suffer. We can appreciate the "There but for the Grace of God . . ." attitude which seems to haunt Mr. Galsworthy, but we feel that he might at least be thankful for that mercy.

Nor can one quarrel with Mr. Galsworthy's observation. Except, perhaps, at the very beginning of this play, we never catch ourselves doubting people's actions, nor questioning the accuracy of their speech. We believe implicitly that people do behave and talk like that: we agree with him that the upper classes as a whole have the courage of their generous impulses, that the petty bourgeois and the unco guid dislike people who do not resemble themselves, and that the countryman would as soon hunt a man as a fox, and with as great a zest. What, then, is the cause of our dissatisfaction with this play about a man who has been imprisoned for manslaughter, and who, escaping from Dartmoor, nearly gets away?

The main issue is the general one of what art is about. The question raised by a great play is invariably a metaphysical one, not a moral one—"To be, or not to be . . ." rather than, say, "Should a doctor, when . . . &c.?" and Mr. Galsworthy remains chained to the moral plane. A general question of ultimate values is never raised, and the business of art is to suggest new ones. Now assuming that Mr. Galsworthy's plot is good enough—and the plot

must always be the playwright's main vehicle—he has forgotten that it is character that gives the plot significance. His convict, acted by Mr. Nicholas Hannen as well as it could possibly be acted, had he been given character, might have carried a vast weight of considerations. As it was, the only question raised was "Ought we to let the police . . . &c.?" Again, not one of the characters revealed anything new, or acted at all unexpectedly. They were all much too literal, much too much like life; but characters in a play ought, while being fully living, to be symbols of the author's intuitions, not just results of his observation.

Mr. Galsworthy has chosen the episodic form of plot: there is no harm in that provided that advantage is taken of the peculiar opportunities this form offers. The main one of these is sharp contrasts of emotion, combined with differences in speed, increased at the end to a torrent. This play, however, goes along at exactly the same pace all the time; that is, it has the structure of a novel and not of a play: there is no main wave. Each scene is excellent in itself, but the scenes do not cohere into a whole. Again, another advantage is that rhetoric can be employed. This Mr. Galsworthy studiously avoids. Indeed, except for the highly entertaining, even witty, "occasional" remarks scattered throughout the play, "Escape" might have been a film. And yet, rebellious enthusiasts of new movements condemn Mr. Galsworthy as a "literary" playwright: which, it will be admitted, is very odd.

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

HALLOWED GROUND

THE bell for Mass rang out and died,
He bared his head to cross himself,
He knew it well, the only sound
Which stirred the stillness of the day.

At last the riders broke their pace,
The horses would no more than walk
With long heads dropped and eyes full bent
They knew they trod a sacred drove.

For between the trunks of trees
Slowly passed a holy Nun
Black-cloaked and with whitened hood
In silence she led a silent cow.
She hurried not the gentle beast,
Who with padded feet and heavy breath
Grazed along the under-bush.

The riders told her they were lost,
But unto them no word she gave
Save to the cross her hand did stray
They tried again, but only saw
The down cast eyes of the holy bride.

They thought her dumb,
They thought her mad,
But when they came unto the man
He crossed himself and said "Not so,
For ever silent are those Nuns
That walk beside those silent cows
Under the arched and silent boughs
In that great dark shadowed wood.

"Wild voices come not nigh those trees
Nor do the top-most branches sway
To roaring winds and pelting rain,
Nor yet in vain do the cattle blear
For calves which rude men take to slay.

"To-day, to-morrow, till life ends
Silence is the bond they bind,
With holy awe around their souls,
With mute sealed lips they walk the wood,
The silent Nun and the silent cow."

PHILIPPA POWYS.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE APOLLINIAN SOUL

SIX new volumes have just been published in the "Loeb Classical Library": Plato's "Laws," Books 1-6; Demosthenes's "De Corona" and "De Falsa Legatione"; Plutarch's Lives of Aratus, Artaxerxes, and Galba and Otho; Epictetus's "Discourses," Books 1 and 2; Josephus's "The Life" and "Against Apion"; and Pausanias Books 3 and 4 (Heinemann, 10s. each volume). At the same time a translation of M. Maurice Croiset's excellent short survey of Greek life and literature has been published under the title "Hellenic Civilization" (Knopf, 8s. 6d.). This batch of books attracted me because I had just read Spengler, who discourses so much at large about what he calls the Apollinian soul of Classical, and in particular Greek, civilization. Few short volumes give one a better, or a more judicious, summary of Greek civilization than does M. Croiset's, yet it is almost impossible to identify a trace of Spengler's Apollinian soul in his analysis of a civilization which burst into full flower in Homer about the ninth century B.C., and withered and died in the fourth century A.D. Again, if you take the six Loeb volumes, they make a substantial relic of that civilization. The "Laws" is artistically the least brilliant of Plato's major dialogues; it is the work of an old man; but, in its matter, it is extremely characteristic of Plato and of Greece. I dislike nearly all oratory, whether it be spoken or written, but the "De Corona" is an exception; it is one of the great works of art in which human language is given powers, shapes, and rhythms such as it has never had before. The certain sign that literature has passed beyond the stage of mere "goodness" is that it never becomes hackneyed. I believe one could read the passage in Shakespeare—

"Alas, now, for the flowers which you let fall
From Dis's wagon"—

twice a day for the whole of one's life, and it would still produce its astonishing effect upon one. And there is the famous description in the "De Corona" beginning, "It was evening . . ." which has this quality of never losing its brilliance, its power, its meaning, and the extraordinary subtlety of its rhythm. Not that it is in isolated or purple passages that the greatness of the "De Corona" lies; it has the Greek sense of form and unity, and from its very first sentence, that immense sentence in which perfect control of language is so immediately obvious, one is swept into a tremendous current which never loses its power over one until, of its own volition, so it seems, it dies out gently on two words which are as perfect an end to a sentence and to a speech as have ever been written or spoken.

But to return to the Loeb. Plato and Demosthenes are the most Greek of the Greeks, so far as prose is concerned; no writers were ever more classical or thinkers more Apollinian. And what a sweep and range for the classical soul we are shown in the other four volumes. Here is Hellenism still powerful five hundred years after Plato's death, in Epictetus impressing itself upon a Syrian slave and in Josephus, even against his will, upon the Hebrew. Yet again in these six volumes I find it extremely difficult to detect any of the characteristics which Spengler insists are so clear in the Apollinian soul. All sweeping generalizations about the characteristics of particular civilizations are dangerous, almost as dangerous as generalizations about "racial characteristics." That there are differences between the way in which men thought and felt under the

influence of Hellenic civilization and the way in which they have thought and felt under Western civilization, I do not deny. But I am sure that the differences should be stated much more tentatively and with many more reservations than they are in the Spengler method, and that the differences are at once simpler, more complicated, and far less mystical than Spengler would allow.

Take, for instance, the Plato and the Demosthenes in the Loeb volumes. Even if one allows that neither Plato nor Demosthenes had any sense of time or history, as Spengler would argue, it is impossible to see that this has had any considerable effect upon them in these works. Yet Spengler must and would argue that the effect is there, for, according to him, this characteristic is the very fabric of the Apollinian soul. I doubt very much whether the characteristic itself is there. It is true, of course, that the Greeks did not have our highly developed sense of history; their knowledge of the past was extremely limited and their discrimination between myth and historical fact was often rudimentary. (It is interesting to read Josephus's "Against Apion" from this point of view. It is an attack upon the contention of the Greeks that the Jewish race was not ancient, and upon the Greek claim to greater antiquity and a monopoly of historical knowledge. "It is absurd," says Josephus, "that the Greeks should be so conceited as to think themselves the sole possessors of a knowledge of antiquity and the only accurate reporters of its history," for, as a matter of fact, owing to their keeping no public records and their valuing literary style so much more than accuracy, their history is a mass of inconsistencies.) But I fail to see that Plato's attitude towards the past in the third book of "The Laws" is fundamentally different in kind from that of Kant, or that in the "De Corona" there is any evidence of an attitude of Demosthenes towards time which makes his soul fundamentally different from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's.

The soul of Demosthenes was, I am ready to admit, different from that of Mr. MacDonald's in ways in which Mr. MacDonald's does not differ from that of Mr. Baldwin or of any other representative of Western civilization. Spengler calls the soul of Western civilization the "Faustian soul." Where the Apollinian soul differs from the Faustian most, as it seems to me, is in its extraordinary intellectuality. Josephus was quite right when he said that the Greeks valued literary style more than accuracy, but from the "Laws" of Plato to Josephus's own works, wherever you see the spirit of Greek civilization operating, you also see this persistent appeal of and to the intellect. The "De Corona" is an extremely bitter political speech delivered by Demosthenes against his greatest enemy before a jury of over five hundred Athenian citizens in circumstances which, with a "Faustian" politician, would have continually invited an appeal to sentimentality. There is hardly a single touch of sentimentality in the whole of the speech. There are plenty of appeals to the emotions and to passion, but there is no sentimentality, partly because the real appeal of the speech is to the intellect. No one but a Greek politician would have dared to address so "intellectual" a speech to an "Albert Hall" audience; at any rate, no audience but a Greek audience would have listened to him.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

THE JULIAN SHELLEY

The Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by ROGER INGPEN. In ten volumes. Vol. VIII.—**Letters, 1803-1812.** (The Julian Editions.) (London: Ernest Benn. £3 3s. New York: Charles Scribner.)

It is scarcely an extravagance to say that any new edition of Shelley, almost independently of its merits as an edition, is to be welcomed. Whether there are greater poets or not is a question involved in the almost hopeless other question what "great" means. It is pretty certain that there is no poet in whom, when he came of poetical age, poetry itself—poetry "absolute," as they say of alcohol—is more clearly visible for those who can see it. Every new edition will almost certainly bring this fact to the notice of someone who can see; and by so much the world will be better. Now it is not every book that has even the slightest chance of making the world better.

It may seem at first sight puzzling why the first issued volume of this costly, and in its way handsome, issue of a far completer "Shelley" than has yet been available, should begin with Volume VIII; and though the present reviewer has certainly not merely "skimmed" it, he has not discovered any rendering of reason for this. Probably that reason, if rendered, would be that editions of Works are usually preceded by a Life or an Introduction; and that while "Letters" are very commonly admitted to be the best kind of "life," they are also in this particular case the best possible explanation of the at first sight astounding difference between the two divisions of the Works. At the date when this volume closes, Shelley, though barely twenty, was certainly an author—an author of two of the most rubbishy novels that even novelists have ever written; of, in part at least, a collection of Poems ("Victor and Cazire") which might be described, with strict justice, in the words which Mr. Henry James used with strict injustice to describe the poems of Poe, as "very valueless"; and of divers pamphlets on religious and political subjects which may, again with strict justice, be described as showing the course of an innocent hind of logic let loose with no jockey of Judgment on her back and prickles of Prejudice constantly teasing her sides, from a starting-point of Ignorance of the world, along a Corso of unprofitable by experiences thereof.

Even the present drawing together of the hitherto partly unknown and in other parts scattered documents will not—as indeed nothing can—explain the mystery of Shelley's "conversion"—in the strictest sectarian-religious sense of the word—from a writer of valueless verses to one at least of the great poets of the world. How could a man who, when not a mere schoolboy, could write such utter drivel as—

"Though weak as the lama [*sic*] that bounds on the mountains
And ended not with fast-fleeting footsteps of air—
Yet, yet, will I draw from the purest of fountains
Though a fiercer than tiger is there";

how, one says, *could* the author of this be the author of the "Prometheus," and "Adonais," and "Hellas"? Of "O World, O Life, O Time," and a hundred things like it? But there is no answer to be found here, nor will there be in all the other volumes. Fate would have it so: blessed be Fate!

Of course, there are persons (and they may have something to say for themselves) who, recognizing this fact and returning due thanks to the Scheme of Things which has provided them with Shelley the poet, feel but a modified interest in Shelley the man. But the majority of mankind who take any interest in literature are not thus constructed: and they have never had so good an opportunity of understanding what they want to understand as this volume does, and its fellows will, give them. That there may be some danger of hasty generalizations about manhood and poethood is no doubt true; but gain without danger of some kind is rare in this world. One not very novel, but most powerfully confirmed and corroborated, result of reading is the application in this case of the Shakespearian doctrine or dictum about imagination. At this time, unfortunately, the "imagination" of which Shelley was "all compact" if ever anyone was, had not taken poetical form—as the four

lines quoted above show. It was not exactly that of "the lunatic" though it sometimes went dangerously near the line, as in that amazing letter in which people of a different kind of imagination have scented a sort of Laon-and-Cythna business on Shelley's own part. It was always—though again in a dangerously fitting fashion—that of "the lover." But it took such numerous and various forms that there was, as Falstaff would say, no knowing where to have it. Even yet nobody has finally settled the question of those reported assaults upon himself; but this is the mere commonplace side of the matter. Of more important instances the whole story of Elizabeth Hitchener—now told, one thinks, by Mr. Ingpen's long practised care, if not more fully, more connectedly than ever before by letters—is perhaps the most astounding and really, if not in the most commonplace sense, the most tragical. It might have been this, too, if the lady had not been of tougher fibre than poor Harriet. Shelley sees her several times, so that this is not one of the occasional cases of mistake through merely epistolary knowledge; constructs out of her a sort of Egeria-Aspasia-Beatrice; addresses reams of liturgy to her as such; insists on her being his house-mate—the said house already containing a wife and a sister-in-law; effects the junction, and, strange to say, discovers in a few weeks that she is a "Brown Demon." With anyone else, language more violent than his own would be appropriate. With Shelley you do not use it—not because you are bribed by "Adonais" and "O World! O Life! O Time," of which he was not at this time, and evidently could not have been, the author; but because you see that he was in a state of hallucination. To him Miss Elizabeth Hitchener (one used to have an idea of her as a blue-stocking frump, but she seems to have been really by no means unattractive) was at one time an Egeria-Aspasia-Beatrice; at another she was a Brown Demon. The best comment to make is that, fortunately, such substitutions of phantasmagoria for the actual procession of life are rare.

The above limitation of the handsomeness of the volume by "in its way" referred to the facts that the paper-edges are rather ferociously sharp—with a little clumsiness or a little skill you might cut your fingers with them—and that the book is very heavy. Also one might, with the best intentions, suggest, in future "Julian" editions, a different arrangement of the footnotes. Whatever other people may do, the present writer loves footnotes; but only when they are footnotes. To find in the text an indicating number and look in vain till you have turned the page for the corresponding matter is apt to provoke bad language. It is true that in this case the frequent necessity of numerous foot-corrections of previous garbling presents a difficulty. But that can be met by the almost universal practice of "classical" editing—that is to say, the division of the page into three sections: text; various readings of text; and footnotes proper. In any case the prospect of the fullest "Shelley" yet given is, as we said at the beginning, welcome and most welcome.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

FICTION

Break o' Day. By CON O'LEARY. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli. By RONALD FIRBANK. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

The Collected Novels and Stories of Guy de Maupassant: Boule de Suif, and Other Stories; Little Roque, and Other Stories; Bel Ami; Miss Harriet, and Other Stories; The Pedlar, and Other Stories. Translated by ERNEST BOYD. (Knopf. 7s. 6d. each vol.)

The Works of Guy de Maupassant: Mont-Oriol. Translated by MARJORIE LAURIE. (Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.)

GUY DE MAUPASSANT first achieved success in his short stories of the Prussian invasion, and if the misfortunes of a country are the opportunities of its writers, the Irish penmen who are busily interpreting the emotions left by the gunmen are particularly blessed. The temptation to oscillate between violent seriousness and external comedy, to discharge, so to speak, all the chambers of their Colts without learning the peculiar wrist work of revolver play, has been too great. Mr. Con O'Leary, who has disciplined himself by the short

story and play, has been the first to realize the remarkable story values of guerilla warfare, by choosing for its changing uncertainties the highly adaptable form of *picaresque* romance. Into the gloomy period of the Black and Tans and the later civil fighting he has introduced a parallel current of fantastic yet very human comedy that modifies the sharp realism of particular episodes. His protagonist is a thorough scoundrel, known as the Cabogue, a kind of rustic Gil Blas, who by his glib and imaginative tongue, pretends successfully to be a desperate hero, and enjoys the hospitality of the credulous countryside and the lesser favours of admiring women with a gusto and sheer delight in his own knavery that are irresistible. Following a creative impulse, Mr. O'Leary has set before his merry blackguard a conquerable Ireland of green provinces, remote fighting, and romantic horizons. Hurrying from imaginary enemies, the Cabogue moves through serial adventures in a Celtic twilight of fear, suspicion, and rumour, and returns to dominate his native village in the south by the heroic legend he has formed around himself. The story is rich in characterization, and in episodic glimpses of country and town life; by the amusing ambiguity of his peripatetic hero Mr. O'Leary has emancipated himself from the immediate tragedy of his material and given a new direction to Irish fiction.

"Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli," by the late Ronald Firbank, may be best regarded as symptomatic of present-day attempts to import a Continental preoccupation with the ridiculous inconveniences of human nature. We now tolerate a serious or scientific discussion of sex in our novels, but the infantile humour of foreign peoples is strictly forbidden. The episodes in this book are written in a kind of *pointillé* style, but for many, the witty and irrelevant remarks of Spanish ladies, liberal abbesses, and disgusting little choirboys, from which we gain glimpses of the merry Cardinal, will not coalesce into definite pictures. The book is little more than a brilliant squib, for there is something in the very genius of the English language which causes it to behave with ridiculous self-consciousness in the mildest circumstances of foreign impropriety.

In welcoming the simultaneous publication of De Maupassant's complete works in America and England as a speculative sign of reviving interest, few have given a thought to the unhappy memory of those Victorian pioneers who supplied a fugitive public with many of the great stories under lurid covers depicting the delights of illicit love. Miss Marjorie Laurie's translations have already received full praise. Mr. Ernest Boyd, despite his praiseworthy labour, has not sufficient yeast in his style, which is a trifle ponderous. Both translators keep faithfully to the French paragraphs in which De Maupassant, following Flaubert, contrives to pack lightly the details which give rich variety to his isolated episodes. But English syntax creaks under too much weight, and a contrary method of sentences might have been more effective. It is useless to resent the inclusion of the more ephemeral tales, for completeness has become an end in itself. It is curious how false the Continental quality of sensibility or emotionalism appears in English. Some of the Parisian tales, such as "Paul's Mistress," are a trifle silly in English; in similar fashion the hysterical vocatives and ardent exclamations of d'Annunzio subside in the original. One wonders if De Maupassant's direct appeal to us is really due to his Norman common sense. All northern people have similar characteristics, and his town folk and stolid peasants seem familiar, and do not afflict us with vivacious gestures of loquacity.

There is really a daylight mystery in De Maupassant's superb mastery of the short story form that justifies the ceaseless activity of criticism. His air of detachment yet highly personal style, the apparent artlessness of his art lead to the illusion that the trick can easily be done. Yet no one has done it in English. To attempt to explain why we have no short story writer of similar scope in English literature, with both a popular and intellectual appeal, is to become involved in a theoretic discussion of art traditions and the insoluble mysteries of a language itself as a formative medium. Dickens, Meredith, and many more all point to the strange fact that in our mind an intense interest in human nature and its oddities seems to set up a native fog of muddling wordiness.

GERMAN LITERATURE

The Classical Age of German Literature, 1748-1805. By L. A. WILLOUGHBY, M.A., D.Lit., Ph.D. (Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d.)

German Influence in the English Romantic Period, 1788-1818, with special reference to Scott, Coleridge, Shelley, and Byron. By F. W. STOKOE. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.)

UNDER the date of July 24th, 1775, Frederick the Great wrote to Voltaire as follows:—

"Our Germans are ambitious to enjoy in their turn the advantages of the fine arts; they are trying to rival Athens, Rome, Florence, and Paris. However much I love my country, I cannot say that they have hitherto succeeded; they lack two things, taste and a language. The language is too verbose; good company talks French, and a few ushers and professors cannot give the language the politeness and easy turns it can only acquire in the best society. As to taste, the Germans are especially lacking in it; they have not yet been able to imitate the authors of the age of Augustus; they make a bad mixture of Roman, English, French, and German taste; they still lack the fine discernment to seize beauties where they are to be found, to distinguish the mediocre from the perfect. . . ."

A glance at any manual of German literature will enable the reader to make out a list of the famous works which had already appeared in Germany at this time. Among these "ushers" were Lessing, Herder, and Goethe. Yet it is interesting to ponder this criticism of nascent Romanticism by the most illustrious of Voltaire's pupils. Frederick the Great was no fool, and the revival of letters in Germany was indebted to him for honouring and supporting literature by his royal purse, praise, and example. It will be remembered that the only King of England who ever showed a genuine appreciation of the fine arts was beheaded by his outraged subjects; the Prussians of the eighteenth century were more docile, and all the smaller courts of Germany tried to imitate Louis XIV. and Frederick. Touching and valuable rivalry—for this playing at Versailles and Sans-Souci, so heavily sneered at by literary historians like Dr. Willoughby, formed the soil which made possible the sudden and luxuriant growth of Romantic German literature. In the letter quoted above, Frederick also expresses his confidence in the future of German literature, and adds that "the country which has produced one Leibnitz can produce others."

That this new German literature, so prophetically announced, proved to be totally different from what Frederick hoped it would be, is less surprising than interesting. The "fashion of viewing the mountains and glaciers" which became so popular about the time of Frederick's death was a departure he would scarcely have understood, and would not have approved. Frederick belonged to a world which honestly preferred a wheatfield to all the mountains in the world, and believed that a man who made two blades of wheat grow where one had been before had conferred a greater benefit on mankind than any possible communication of ecstasy in the face of Nature could give. It seems curious, therefore, that the Romantic movement should have flourished so energetically in prosaic Germany. The movement was but an episode in the history of European literature, and yet it was important as the first conscious effort to throw off the artistic and intellectual domination so long exerted by the Latin races.

The vagueness of the terms Classic and Romantic is well brought out by the fact that Dr. Willoughby calls his handbook the "Classical Age of German Literature," while Mr. Stokoe, writing of the same authors, discusses their influence on the English Romantic movement. It is not possible to praise either book very highly. To compress a literary history into a brief handbook for the use of the general reader and the young is always a dreary task, and Dr. Willoughby has not made it any lighter than usual. In order to curry favour for his chosen authors, he disparages the preceding age of French literature, instead of trying to understand it. There is not much critical good sense in talking about the "bombastic expressions of French Classicism," or in saying that the "*galant* French novel did much to vitiate the taste and morals of its German imitators." If we are seeking bombast we are less likely to find it in Molière, Pascal, and Voltaire than in any Romantic author, German or otherwise. The remark about morals is the merest assumption, and

comes strangely from the panegyrist of a literary movement which exalted the "sublime criminal" at the expense of the *honnête homme*.

Mr. Stokoe is a better writer, though slightly afflicted with the desire to sound clever. He is a strictly comparatist critic, and the object of his book is to determine with precision the extent of German influence upon the English Romantics during a given period. This inquiry, which may seem a little arid to the non-specialist reader, is carried out with precision and a cool sense of values. Mr. Stokoe knows perfectly well what he is about, and has very definite views of the nature of his inquiry. The result is that he has produced a book of some value to specialist students of German literature, though not meant to interest the general reader, for whom Dr. Willoughby professes to write. Among the four great writers chiefly dealt with in this book, Coleridge was obviously the most indebted to German literature. He alone possessed a good working knowledge of the language, together with a thirst for the metaphysics which were, after all, the most valuable intellectual reward a study of German had to offer. This is not intended as a disparagement of German poetry, which contains so many beautiful things; but our literature is more deficient in great philosophers than in great poets. Scott, who found some inspiration in the German ballad writers, had very little interest in philosophy; but it is certainly interesting to trace the effect of German Romantic supernaturalism in the Waverley novels. As to the other two, Byron did not know German, and had to read it in translations, while Shelley's knowledge was still imperfect in 1815. Anyone can see that Coleridge alone was influenced to any appreciable extent. Byron is almost entirely a product of French culture, modified by Italian studies. The influence of German literature in England is really less important than the influence of English literature on the Continent; for the poetic revival which we loosely call the Romantic movement came from England as much as from anywhere. The effect of the gradually increasing study of English literature during the eighteenth century was very great. No doubt, the revival of philosophy was German; but the revival of the poetic spirit was English. Perhaps it is worth remarking that the Continental pioneers in the study of English literature were not Germans, but "bombastic" French classicists like Destouches, Voltaire, and Montesquieu.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

FACTS AND FANTASIES

Smaranda. A Compilation in Three Parts. By Lord THOMSON OF CARDINGTON. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THIS exceedingly attractive book reveals all the careful artistry of the apparently haphazard. It purports to be a selection of the notes and sketches of Brig.-General Y—, who was a British staff officer in Rumania and Palestine during the war. The first part consists of General Y—'s diary; the second of essays and sketches written in the Balkans; the third is a Tale of Western Thrace, in which a poetic and tragic story is woven into the realities of grim mountain scenery and the clash of discordant races. As for Smaranda, she is General Y—'s muse and inspiration—a Rumanian lady of beauty, wealth, and intellect. In her most learned moods Y— imagines a wise hobgoblin whispering counsel at her elbow; "a familiar spirit, and a literary one at that."

A second and more important hobgoblin haunts these pages in the person of General Y— himself; but Lord Thomson has him well in hand, and allows his elbow to be jogged only within pardonable limits. Between the stern critic and the indiscreet hobgoblin we are given a slyly humorous insight into the workings of military diplomacy, and the bidding of belligerent States for a neutral country's favour. If some of the tactics adopted appear incredibly naive and fraught with undue optimism, that is because Lord Thomson's hobgoblin has no eye for glamour and the momentary significance of a *beau geste*. The fetish of patriotism never routed the cool logic of commonsense, whether it was a question of burning corn and oil (with compensation from London), or of bringing Rumania into the war. Too often it was "a case of omniscience at a distance,

but of doubt and perplexity on the spot." Y—'s place being on the spot, both in Rumania and at the Supreme War Council at Versailles, he had ample opportunity to observe the practical waste, inadequacy, or futility of theoretical omniscience.

But Y—'s inevitable disillusionment never leads to cynicism. A thread of whimsical humour and imagination runs through all his writing, which is lit by flashes of gay fancy, bright as the bird that crossed Smaranda's forest glade with "the gleam of azure on its breast and wings." The best of his seven sketches, "The Keys of Jerusalem," is a blend of all the author's moods. The objective of the old Crusaders, fallen to a British force, awaits their occupation while, in a comedy scene full of good-natured gibes, the keys are ceremoniously accepted under a bombardment of photography. But Jerusalem proves a disappointment, lacking simplicity, beauty, and peace. Nothing remains but to register another lost illusion. The conclusion is significant: "There was no need. We still possessed our dreams, and of their stuff could create cities far more fair than any structure built with hands." It is because Y— possesses his dreams that his reflections and comments have such charm.

TRAVELLERS

Excursions and Some Adventures. By ETTA CLOSE, O.B.E., F.R.G.S. (Constable. 12s.)

Malay Land (Tanah Melayu). By R. J. H. SIDNEY. (Cecil Palmer. 15s.)

"TRAVEL," as denoting a class of literature, is becoming as elastic a term as "fiction." In Miss Close's new book, for example, or at any rate in its earlier chapters, foreign soil makes little more than a background for the writer's reminiscences of her own family. Her father, a typical Victorian squire, hated going abroad. But her mother, who was completely fearless, had a passion for travel only matched by her aggressively British aversion from adopting, while in Rome, the manners of the Romans. In her childhood and youth, Miss Close, sometimes with anger and fear raging in her bosom, was suddenly whirled off to Norway, France, Morocco, Bosnia, or Canada; and her memories of these countries centre around the humorous situations into which she and her sisters and brother were constantly plunged by her mother's combination of zeal for exploration and insular inadaptability. Sometimes, when least expected, as during the family tour of Montenegro in 1899, all went well. But when, four years earlier, they covered on donkey-back the 350 miles from Corunna to the Pyrenees, the travellers encountered many perils, from which they only escaped by virtue of the legend, widely circulated by the Spanish Press, that they were returning from a lion-shooting expedition in Africa. This rumour, which caused a curious rabble to follow everywhere at their heels, was at first very embarrassing to the alleged heroes; but in the end it proved their salvation. Here and there Miss Close gives us some vivid vignettes of landscape; and when she comes to describe her later journeys in the Far East she displays a greater range of observation. On the whole, however, the charm of her book—which is considerable—is less that of "travel" than of autobiography.

Mr. Sidney, too, is something of an essayist. He, too, is sensitive to moods and atmosphere, and delights in self-revelation and reminiscence. But, unlike Miss Close, he is a travel writer in the strict sense of being, above everything else, informative. "It may be supposed that we are journeying from Kuala Lumpur to Penang by the day mail. The train is due to leave at eight a.m., while the day is young and the morning fresh. The first precaution that the travellers must take is to choose that side of the train whereon the sun will not shine, at any rate until after midday." Such is a characteristic chapter opening, and may best suggest the manner in which the author attempts to bring before the reader's eye the actual features of country and town, and of the native and European customs that jostle each other in the Federated Malay States. Mr. Sidney has a more than average variety of gifts. He is at once artist and man of affairs, and deals very interestingly with many diverse aspects of Malayan life.

THE BRITISH ARMY

A Short History of the British Army. By ERIC WILLIAM SHEPPARD, Captain, Royal Tank Corps. (Constable. 14s.)

IN a modest little preface Captain Sheppard expresses the hope that his book may be "of interest to the general reader and of use to his brother-officers." It should fulfil both these aims. For the student of war, whether lay or professional, it provides an admirable framework and background for intensive study of particular campaigns. The general reader will find in it a lucid and readable summary of the military history of Great Britain.

The title is, perhaps, a little misleading. A short history of the British Army itself—its organization, administration, and training—is a book that is badly needed, for it would throw much light on social and political development. It would be unfair to quarrel with Captain Sheppard because he has undertaken a different task; but it may fairly be said that the weakest part of his history is that dealing with administration. A somewhat fuller account of the Duke of York's, Cardwell's, and Haldane's reforms would have been cheaply purchased by the addition of another thirty pages, or the exclusion of a few minor campaigns.

This said, there remains little but praise. To sketch, in 300 pages, the growth of the British Army and the course of its campaigns, minor as well as major, from the sixteenth century to the eve of the Great War, was no small enterprise, and it has been carried through with judgment and ability. Captain Sheppard makes no pretence to original research, but he has used his authorities with discretion, and he shows both independence and sanity in his criticisms of men and measures. Considering the extreme compression imposed by his limits, his narrative is not only remarkably clear but surprisingly readable, and often forms a welcome corrective to more detailed histories, in which it is impossible to see the wood for the trees. His account of the confused and confusing operations of the War of American Independence is a typical example of his lucidity and impartiality. Three vigorous pictures of typical actions under Cromwell, Marlborough, and Wellington give colour to the narrative, and compensate for the enforced lack of detail in a book which can allot only two pages to Waterloo.

In the main, Captain Sheppard eschews politics, though he does not hesitate to speak plainly as to the injustice of the First Afghan War or the invasion of Scinde. Like most military writers he is occasionally unjust to the politicians, through inability to realize their difficulties; but there is, unfortunately, only too much force in his main criticism—that British statesmen have been far readier to accept the responsibilities of war than to realize its requirements. To Cardwell and Haldane—the two great civilian reformers of military administration, he does ample justice.

Decidedly the most interesting and significant feature of the book is Captain Sheppard's reaction against the tyranny of Continental theorists. Here he shows himself of the school of Henderson, the greatest of our modern military historians. Again and again he insists that the British Army and British generals must be judged in the light of the peculiar conditions in which they work, and that British major strategy must be adapted to those conditions if it is to be successful. A small permanent force, liable to be called on at any moment to serve in any part of the globe, in widely different conditions of climate and terrain, and against a bewildering variety of opponents; an invariable numerical inferiority to any European enemy, compensated by the flexibility derived from sea-power; generals responsible to Ministers, who are themselves responsible to Parliament and the nation—these are the elements of a problem vastly different from that solved by Napoleon or Moltke. The clearness with which Captain Sheppard presents these specialized functions and characteristics of the British Army is the chief of his merits. It is possible to hope, very earnestly, that a wiser statesmanship may avert the necessity for applying his teachings in the future, and yet feel that he has done good service by analyzing so clearly and sensibly the lessons of the past.

ST. STAMFORD RAFFLES

Raffles, 1781-1826. By R. COUPLAND. (Oxford University Press. 6s.)

RAFFLES is not as striking a figure as St. Ignatius Loyola, but it is inevitably of the Jesuit saints that he reminds one. What the Church is to the Jesuit the Empire was to him. He would stop at nothing for it. But as with the Jesuit pioneers, once agreement on the main issue was reached he was all accommodation, all understanding. Come into the organization, and all is yours. Your welfare will be considered, your feelings will be taken into account; if you utter no doubts as to the ultimate worth of the system as a whole, you may even use your intellect. An Irishman once spoke of his country as having been crucified not with, but by, two thieves. Reading this life of Sir Stamford Raffles even an Irishman might be tempted to admit that England is politically what Rome is religiously, in some ways the most seductive thief of other people's liberty known to history.

Raffles is one of the most attractive of imperial crackmen. He was consumed with ambition, but materially he was quite disinterested in the service of the Empire. A servant of the East India Company, he was Lord Minto's chief coadjutor in the occupation of Batavia in 1811, when he was only thirty. The Franco-Dutch army defending Java was decimated and the whole island was occupied. On Lord Minto's return to India Raffles was left in charge, and he was able to convince most of the inhabitants that British Codlin not Dutch Short, was their friend. He was charming to them. He learned their language. He ameliorated the condition of slaves; he administered justice "as far as possible" in accordance with native law—that is, of course, as between native and native. But there were some natives who were no more for Codlin than they had been for Short. They rebelled. It would seem that the rebellion was not instigated by agents provocateurs. It was put down, and in a few weeks, "with very little bloodshed," British sovereignty had been established throughout the island. But the East India Company was to Raffles what the Inquisition was to Ignatius Loyola. It regarded the occupation of Java as "a source of financial embarrassment," so at the Congress of Vienna England magnanimously handed the island back to Holland. And Raffles had to begin all over again.

Through Lord Moira he obtained the consent of the authorities at home to the establishment of a British settlement on the island of Singapore in 1818. The ancient city of Singapore was then, Professor Coupland says, "little more than a derelict village." To-day it is one of the twelve great ports of the world. Its trade is enormous. It has a population of nearly half a million. And they all revere the name of Raffles. Had Raffles been a Jesuit they would have been half a million souls won for the Church. As it is, Singapore is the Empire's "Malta of the East." An interesting story, but somewhat dry in the telling, and Professor Coupland is hardly to be forgiven for dismissing the visit Raffles paid to the exiled Napoleon in 1816 in four lines. The effect of honest egomania on discreet ambition deserved more than that.

T. McG.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Enchanted Past. By MRS. GODFREY PEARSE. (Chapman & Hall. 18s.)

AS is well known, Mrs. Pearse, who has died since the publication of her book, was the daughter of the two great singers, Mario and Grisi. Of all endowments, the most romantic is a beautiful voice. It leads the singer into exalted quarters and bestows upon him moments of crowded life which no other gift procures for its possessor. To be the child of two great singers is to be drawn on in the wake of one's parents' splendours, without having any very definite course, perhaps, of one's own. Thus, Mrs. Pearse's first memory is of being kissed by Queen Victoria. For some days afterwards her face was washed all round but not on "the kissing spot." The early part of her life was spent mostly in the exalted company of Grand Dukes and Princesses in Russia and Italy. Occasionally they alighted in England and perched on humbler twigs. But the intercourse of great singers with mere writers and painters is always a little unreal, or perhaps Mrs. Pearse has skimmed the cream of this

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particular dish for her father's life. We are told of Turgenev that he was silent and morose, and then pass on. But we pick up some amusing trifles by the way; that Mrs. Pearce saw Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck stick a hair-pin into a fat lady's back on a crowded staircase at Court; that Lady Ailesbury thought it only decent to leave the room to blow her nose; that Mario was pursued by lady admirers, who concealed themselves on Atlantic liners and started upon deck dressed in lilac silk in the middle of a storm, when he had prayed, and with reason, that they and their silks were miles away on shore.

Derision. By CHARMAN EDWARDS. (Ward, Lock. 7s. 6d.)

It cannot be denied that there is sincerity in Mr. Edwards's book and a real attempt to represent not only the chaos of war, but the disintegration of morals at home. The purpose of the book is buried under the crudest sentimentality and the most vulgarly commonplace moralizings. Degradation and hysteria are its theme, and the style is in keeping with it.

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THE Parlophone have recorded Schubert's Quartet in D minor ("Death and the Maiden") this month (Five 12-in. records. E10464-10468. 4s. 6d. each). Beautiful though this quartet is, one's first instinct was regret at the duplication, for the Columbia only the other day recorded it, the London String Quartet playing, and there is so much unrecorded chamber music that the gramophonist would like to have available. But after carefully comparing the two versions our regret vanished, and we are glad to have both. Miss Edith Lorand, who has previously played in violin sonatas recorded by the Parlophone, has initiated a Quartet, and this is their first gramophone venture. It was a bold thing to begin with Schubert's work, for it makes very heavy demands on the players. On the whole, Miss Lorand and her fellow-musicians come well through the trial. It is a curious fact that their version is almost the opposite, in every way, to that of the Columbia and London String Quartet. That is why our regret at the duplication vanished, for what one gains from the one recording one loses in the other, and *vice versa*. The Parlophone records have none of the extraordinary brilliance and vivacity of the Columbia, but on the other hand they are better in tone and are more successful in bringing out the beauty of the slower and quieter and less passionate passages. The differences are due partly to the recording and partly to the playing. Thus, in the first twenty-four bars of the second movement, in which the tune of Schubert's song "Death and the Maiden" is used, the slow and beautiful music is far better on the Parlophone than on the Columbia; but in the brilliant passage just before the end of this movement and generally in the last movement (presto) the Columbia is to be preferred. It may be noted that the Columbia get the whole quartet into four records, while the Parlophone take nine sides. The last side of the fifth record is occupied by a charming Largo Espresso, violin solo, of Pugnani, very well played by Miss Lorand.

Marek Weber and his orchestra give us another Strauss waltz: "Thousand and One Nights Waltz" (12-in. record. E10471. 4s. 6d.). It occupies both sides of the record. It begins rather dramatically and not particularly Straussian, but soon settles down to an alternation of vivacious ingenuity and languorous romance. It does not rank, perhaps, quite with the best of the waltzes, but is yet very good.

The Parlophone have two good song records this month. Emmy Bettendorf, soprano, sings Antonia's "Sie entflo, die Taube," from Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman," and Tosti's Melodie (La Serenade) (12-in. record. E10474. 4s. 6d.). The Offenbach song is charming and curious, and it is a great pleasure to hear it sung so well by Emmy Bettendorf. She does her best with Tosti's song, which may appeal to many people, but is rather obvious. Robert Burg sings magnificently two songs from Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounov" (12-in. record. E10473. 4s. 6d.). The first is Boris's aria, "My soul is sad," which he sings in the Kremlin after his coronation; the second is the passionate aria from Act II., "I have attained to power." Another song record is the Irmiler Ladies' Choir, who sing Mozart's "Laudate Dominum" and Pinsuti's "Good-night, good-night, beloved" (12-in. record. E10475. 4s. 6d.). The Mozart is very beautiful, but the singing, except for the solo, is not particularly distinguished. The other song is commonplace.

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GILT-EDGED REACTION—CITY OF LONDON AND BREWERY SHARES—SHELL UNION.

THE approach towards a coal settlement made by the Miners' Executive has been the signal for a rise in coal, iron, and steel shares which, if a settlement follows, will probably develop a little further, regardless of the economic position of those industries. On the other hand, the raising of the New York Federal Reserve Bank rate from $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 4 per cent. has brought about a reaction in the gilt-edged market. Too much importance must not be attached to the New York rate. A 4 per cent. rate brings New York into line with all the banks of the Federal Reserve system and restores the rate which ruled in New York last April. There has recently been "on the other side" a distinct tightening of money rates, partly because business generally continues to expand, and partly because the money market has to meet the usual autumn demand for financing the crops. At the same time, the rise in industrial stocks on the New York Stock Exchange, led by United States Steel and General Motors, caused some fear of over-speculation. The conclusion seems to be that a rise in the New York rate was expected, but that the Stock Exchange boom caused it to be made earlier than was anticipated. Incidentally, profit-taking, after the 50 per cent. stock dividend was announced by General Motors, caused some reaction in New York markets generally. What has affected the gilt-edged market in London is the feeling that the New York rate destroys any hope that may linger of a reduction in our Bank rate. The autumn strain on the exchanges, made worse by the heavier imports which the coal strike has occasioned, is too close upon us for a reduction in Bank rate now to be attempted. The gilt-edged market is also concerned about the £110,000,000 of 5 per cent. Treasury Bonds which mature next February. It has been suggested that as the Government Departments hold a considerable amount of these bonds the Chancellor might be tempted to redeem in cash and then, while he enjoyed momentary prestige and Government credit improved, to make a conversion offer to 5 per cent. War Loan holders. That may be Mr. Churchill's vision, but the state of the national finances is another matter.

Prominent in the rise and subsequent reaction of brewery shares has been the City of London Brewery Company. From their low point of 60s. this year these shares had risen to 85s. at the beginning of this month, and have since reacted to about 80s. For the rise there are special reasons. A contract has recently been completed whereby Messrs. Hoare & Co. acquires the licensed and certain unlicensed properties of the City of London Brewery for a payment of £1,375,000 in cash and an issue of 200,000 shares. The trade of these houses is to be taken over as from next October. We have recommended City of London Brewery shares more than once, and on February 18th called attention to the fact that in the item of freehold and leasehold properties, plant, &c., which stands in the balance-sheet at £1,591,407, there lies a hidden reserve. That item includes the old City of London Brewery site, now being developed as Thames-side wharves and warehouses, which has not yet been written up to its proper value. In view of the purchase of the licensed properties by Messrs. Hoare & Co., it is reasonable to suppose that a revaluation of the City of London Brewery assets will be made at the date of the next balance-sheet, which is December 31st. As regards brewery shares generally, we have felt that the slight reaction which has already occurred was overdue. At the end of July the index for brewery shares reached a new maximum at 164.6 (100 = December 31st, 1925). If a settlement of the coal strike brings a temporary boom in the industrial markets, brewery shares will, no doubt, share in the general rise, but it has to be considered that when the total bill for the coal strike is reckoned up, a reduced purchasing power among the beer-

consuming masses will be apparent. Brewery reports are already becoming somewhat varied. While Bass, Ratcliffe & Grettton show a slight increase in earnings, Arthur Guinness, Son & Company show a slight decrease. The chairman of Watney, Coombe & Reid, at the general meeting on August 11th, made the following significant statement: "London is always the last to feel a serious depression in trade, but there are unmistakable signs at the moment that the demand for beer is not so good as it was twelve months ago." Seeing that a brewery chairman's speech is usually taken up with anti-temperance propaganda, candid statements of this kind assume importance for the shareholders.

In THE NATION of July 10th the financial page ended with the sentence: "It will be interesting to see if the rise in Shell Union shares, which are now \$28, as compared with \$25 $\frac{1}{2}$ when we recommended them, is to be justified." The justification comes a month later with the publication of the following figures:—

SHELL UNION INCOME ACCOUNT—SIX MONTHS.

	1926.	1925.
Gross Income	\$30,614,968	\$23,918,272
Depr. dep., &c.	13,374,592	12,363,262
Net Profit	17,240,376	11,555,010
Pref'd divs.	515,000*	515,000*
Com'n divs.	7,000,000	7,000,000
	9,725,376	4,040,010
P. & L. Surplus at start of year...	24,804,779	19,420,357
P. & L. Surplus at end of period	\$34,530,155	\$23,460,367

* Estimated.

It will be seen that the net earnings after making liberal allowances for depreciation and depletion for the first six months of 1926 have increased by nearly 50 per cent. over those of the corresponding period of 1925. After payment of preferred dividends the net earnings are equivalent to \$1.67 earned on 10,000,000 common shares in these six months, as compared with \$1.10 earned in the corresponding period of 1925. Dividends on the common shares were begun in September, 1922, at the rate of \$1.00 a share. This rate was increased to \$1.40 a share in March, 1925. If the last six months' profits are maintained the common shares this year will earn \$3.34 after allowing for depreciation, depletion, and preference dividends, which is nearly 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ times the present annual dividend. Even if there is some reduction in the selling prices of oil products in the United States in the remaining months of this year, the earnings of Shell Union Oil Corporation should, therefore, be sufficiently large to warrant an increase in the annual rate of dividend. Indeed a further substantial increase in earnings should follow the completion of the new refinery which is being built at Chicago. This refinery will have a daily capacity of 15,000 barrels, will be linked by pipe-line with the Shell-Union producing properties in the mid-continent districts, and should be completed this year.

The recent increase in American oil production makes it doubtful whether crude oil prices will be maintained at their present levels for the remainder of the year. The daily output of American oilfields has risen from 2,029,076 barrels for the week ending June 19th, to 2,152,000 for the week ending August 7th. The rise has been due chiefly to the development of four new fields, concurrent with what Americans describe as a "comeback" in one of the old fields. No serious decline in oil prices generally is, however, expected. Consumption of oil products remains above the level of 1925, while the production of crude oil for the year is, so far, below that of 1925. For most American oil companies the year will, surely, prove to have been one of great prosperity.

